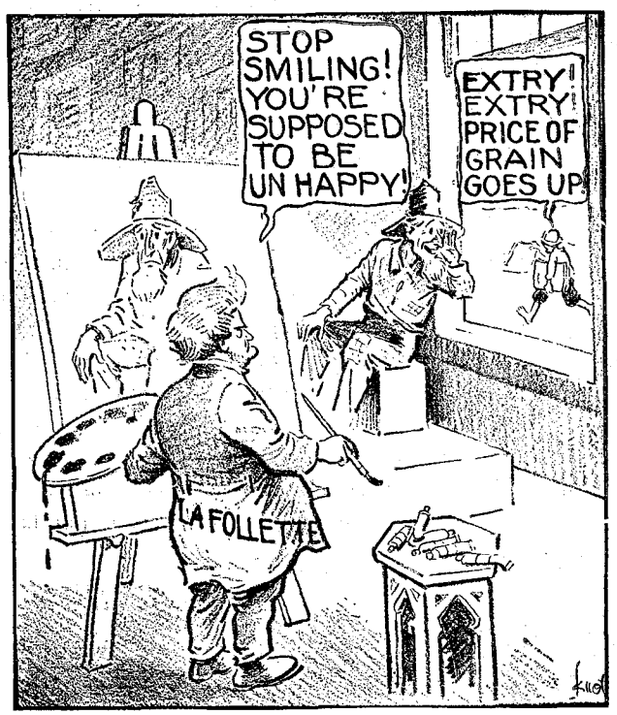
Shift and save yourself!

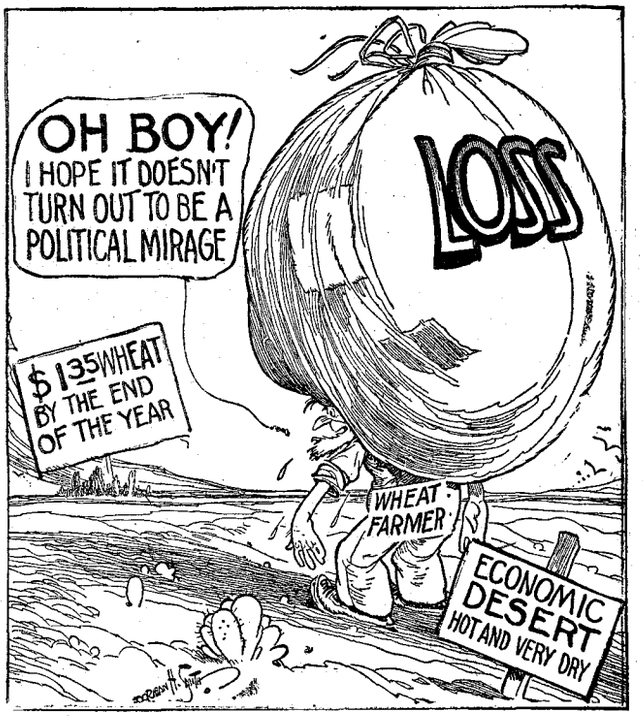
Comedy of Errors, Act V, Scene I

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News



Painting the discontented grain farmer

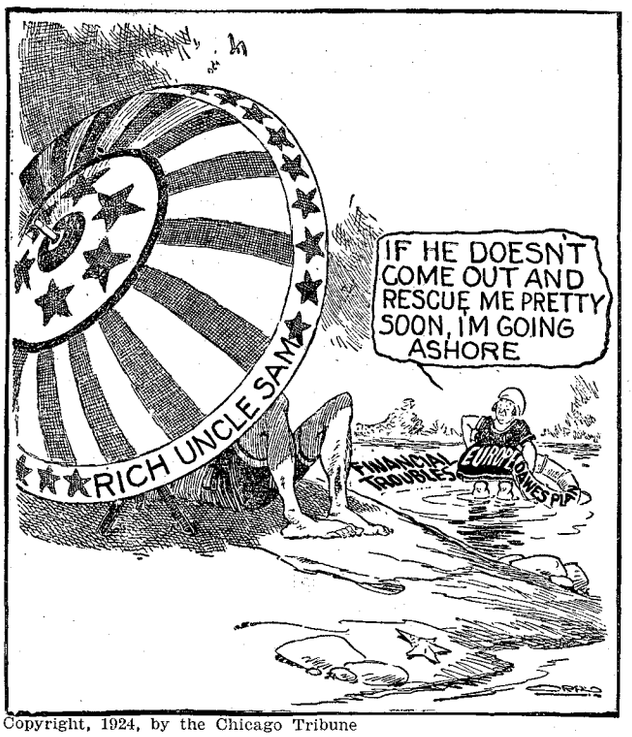
Smith in the Newport News Daily Press


OH BOY! I HOPE IT DOESN'T TURN OUT TO BE A POLITICAL MIRAGE
LOSS
$1.35 WHEAT BY THE END OF THE YEAR
WHEAT FARMER
ECONOMIC DESERT HOT AND VERY DRY

An oasis at last

From D. C. Wright, New York City.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune

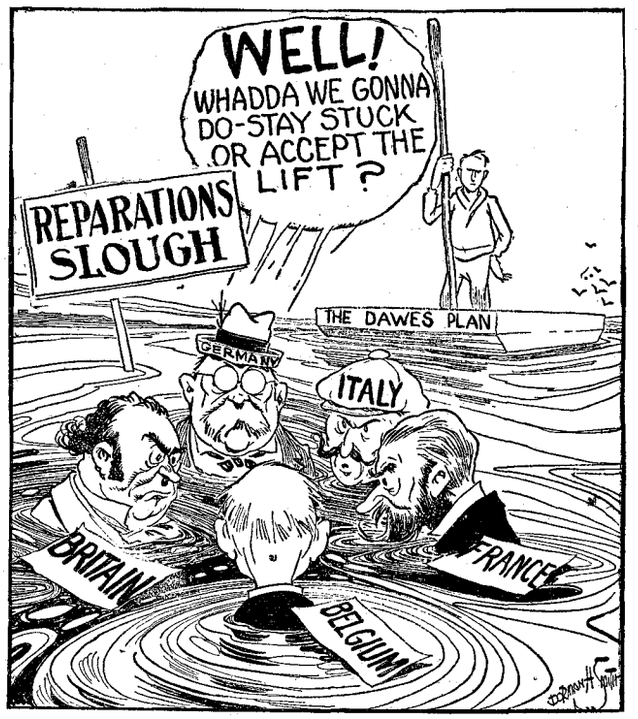


Copyright, 1924, by the Chicago Tribune

After six years. Getting tired of waiting to be saved

From W. T. Blaine, Terre Haute, Ind.

Smith in the Newport News Daily Press



The big question now before the London Conference

From D. C. Wright, New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form. It affords some informing glimpses of ports—is, in fact, a geographical as well as an economic document. And geography, always and for most people, is full of surprises. In the list of principal ports, by way of example, nobody will be surprised to find listed New York, New Orleans, and Galveston; but who will not be surprised to find by the side of these in importance Perth Amboy, New Jersey, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and Port Arthur, Texas? Yet the latter three, comparatively unknown the country over, take prominent place in the list of principal ports. To many it will be equally surprising to find Los Angeles and Baltimore ranked second and third to New York as ports of entry.

In total tonnage of freight the Atlantic seaboard outranks, of course, the Pacific and the Gulf Coasts, but the three are nearly even in number of cities sufficiently important to be classed as "principal ports" of the country. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Perth Amboy, Newport News, and Norfolk on the Atlantic; New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Mobile, Galveston, and Port Arthur on the Gulf; Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland on the Pacific—so runs the official list of principal ports.

Six of these, however, handled more than half of all the ocean-borne traffic of the United States. They are New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. Here, after all, is the list of principal "principal ports."

The Gardner Museum

MANY people outside of Boston as well as Bostonians themselves when they heard of Mrs. Jack Gardner's death (reported in The Outlook last week) wondered what would become of her remarkable art collection. That question was answered through the filing of her will, in which it is provided that the public will have the benefit of the Fenway Court treasures, subject to certain conditions. This part of her property is left to seven trustees as a public museum forever, with the income of $1,200,000 for its maintenance, but with the proviso that no other works of art other than hers and whatever may have been contracted for shall be exhibited. Should the trustees fail to carry out this proviso, the Museum is to go with all its treasures to Harvard University, which is then empowered to sell them and use the money to increase salaries of professors and to maintain scholarships. Should it become necessary thus to sell the treasures, it is specified that the sale shall take place in Paris, Mrs. Gardner presumably thinking that such a sale would bring a far larger sum in Europe than in America. Thus is the Fenway Court Museum safeguarded with the public as the beneficiaries, but fees are to be charged as heretofore, Mrs. Gardner expressing in the will her belief that the greatest good to the public will be through charging a fee.

P. & A. Photos

Lieutenant Smith at Paris, where he and his companions in the American world flight were welcomed by French officers

The World Flights

THE itinerary of the American air squadron under the command of Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith on the flight from England to the United States, where an enthusiastic welcome awaits them, is, as we write, to leave Brough on July 30, with new engines and after thorough repairs and "keying up" of their planes, to reach Houton Bay in the Orkney Islands the same day; thence to fly across to Iceland, where a stop will be made at Hornafjord after a flight of 535 miles; thence around the southern coast to Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland; from that point to Ivigut in Greenland, a distance of 610 miles, for the journey here down the east coast, around Cape Farewell, and up the west coast, is made necessary because of the danger in flying over the high, ice-bound, and repelling surface of the interior; from Ivigut to Indian Harbor in Labrador, a distance of 572 miles, where the fliers' first landing on the American shore will be made; thence—a passage that presents no special difficulty—to Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the vicinity of Boston. It is thought, if the schedule works out well, that our planes may be in Boston about August 15. It will be remembered that some time ago, when Lieutenant Smith was asked what he would do first in Boston, he replied, "Get ready to fly to Los Angeles."

Elaborate plans have been made to establish supply stations. The flights will be guarded by our naval cruisers, which will maintain a sea patrol all the way from the Orkneys to Boston.

Meanwhile all lovers of sport and exploration have been pleased to learn that the English around-the-world aviator, Squadron Leader MacLaren, who was at one time thought lost, has been found and reported safe by a Japanese naval vessel. He had landed in a remote part of the Kurile Islands, and at last accounts was proceeding safely on his journey.

This international emulation in world flights is of the friendliest kind. Both English and American aviators have met with difficulties and minor disasters, and both groups are sure to win praise and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appreciation once their bold and novel air journeys are completed. The London "Times" comments: "The day when the navigation of the air will be as safe and as sure a means of transport as any other devised by the mind and hand of man has been brought sensibly nearer."

In the Interests of Safety—Magnetic Testing of Steel

INCREASING importance is being attached by engineers to two quite new methods of testing steel—such steel as that from which railway rails and elevator cables are made. One is known as magnetic analysis, the other is the examination by X-rays. Both of these methods permit the actual metal which is to be used to be studied internally and non-destructively.

This is important, for all previous methods of testing structural metals which are to be used in places where lives depend upon their integrity have been based on the relative uncertainty of tests made on samples chosen at random. Sometimes these samples have proved to be unrepresentative of the lot of steel from which they were chosen, in that disasters have resulted from the failure of engineering structures which were designed on the faith that the metal was uniform in quality. Press comment on accidents, to the effect that "the cause of the failure of the structure is unknown, competent engineers having stated that the design was faultless," doubtless often cover the inability of the best makers of steel to give positive guaranty that all of their product is "like sample."

Now comes a way to test, not mere samples, but the whole product of the rail mill or of the steel mill which makes beams and columns for bridges and buildings—and that as fast as they are made, and without doing them the least injury.

What Magnetic Analysis Is and Does

SOME years ago it happened that Dr. C. W. Burrows, who was in charge of the Magnetic Section of the Bureau of Standards, was making an investigation which required two short steel bars having identical magnetic qualities. The requirement seemed simple, but after long search involving efforts by the best steel experts it was found that two such equivalent pieces of steel could not be made. The slightest variation from place to place of the physical qualities of the steel was instantly revealed in a corresponding variation in the magnetic qualities.

Dr. Burrows realized that he had found a new method of testing magnetic metals; and the subsequent perfection of the technique has made it possible, by passing the product as it is made through an electromagnetic field the qualities of which are instantly influenced by the slightest changes in the quality of the metal, virtually to "see" the inside of the piece. If there are any minute cracks, any flaws, or any inclusions of weakening foreign matter, they are instantly "spotted" by a flash from a light which is operated by highly delicate electrical instruments.

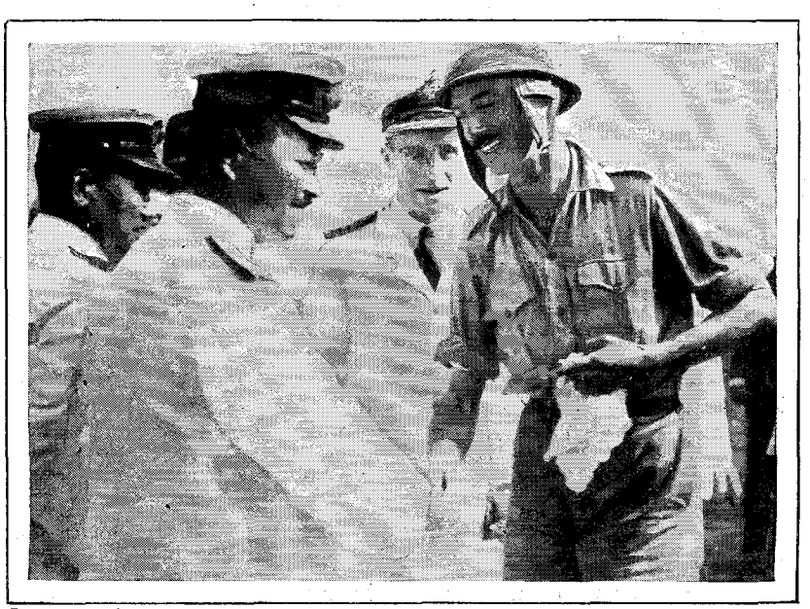
Elevator cables which are made of many twisted wires often weaken internally because some of these hidden wires break. But when such cables are periodically run through the "magnetoscope," as the testing device is termed, any such broken wires are as surely located as if they were visible.

Smaller parts of machinery are also being regularly tested under X-rays, which may reveal physical defects of a similar sort, but this method cannot be extended to large pieces either rapidly or economically.

France and the Financiers

A CONFERENCE in which there are one hundred and fifty participants is not the best means for reaching speedy decisions. Those who looked for a quick solution of Europe's difficulties at the London Conference now in session had short memories. The Washington Conference in 1921–2, which was the most successful conference of recent years, was in session from the eleventh of November to the sixth of the following February, and most of that time was engaged in reaching an agreement in detail upon a proposal on which agreement in principle was reached in the very first session. No such unanimity has marked the London Conference—or any of the conferences on reparations, for that matter—at any stage of the proceedings. The one advantage that the London Conference has over other reparation conferences is that it has before it the Dawes Report, upon which agreement was reached without any conference at all.

What constitutes the chief stumbling-block in the way of agreement is the question as to the right of any one Allied nation to take separate action in case of German default and the failure of any other method to bring Germany to terms. The Versailles Treaty recognizes such right in the "respective" governments. The bankers who can raise the money to loan to Germany to enable her to start her reparation payments apparently do not want this right of separate action retained. They say that people will not buy German bonds if at any time France may occupy German territory. On the other hand, France declines to yield what she regards as the sovereign right of choosing for herself what she must do in an emergency for her own protection. If any group of bankers should propose that America should let other nations decide what she must do for her own safety, they would



International

Major MacLaren on his arrival in Japan welcomed by a Japanese naval officer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not have to wait long for an answer. Some of the very Americans who now find fault with France for wishing to retain her independence would be the most emphatic in declaring the independence of the United States.

There ought not to be any fundamental difficulty in providing guaranties if the other nations believe as strongly as France does that Germany ought to repair the damage she did. If those guaranties are strong enough, it will be quite unnecessary to raise the question whether France or any other nation should yield its right of self-defense; for a strong joint guaranty would make independent action unnecessary, and therefore wholely beyond the range of practical possibility.

Mussolini Attempts Reform

SINCE the special correspondence from Rome printed in this issue was written Mussolini has taken action which answers in part the questions that our correspondent asks. It is clear that, in order to extricate himself from the position into which he is placed by the Matteotti murder, Mussolini realizes that there must be instituted reforms within the Fascista Party itself. According to a special despatch by wireless to the New York "Times," Mussolini recently outlined a programme for the Fascisti to follow. This included:

The election of a new directorate of the party by the free vote of the Fascisti.

The expulsion from the party of all its good-for-nothings, its exploiters, and its lovers of violence for violence' sake.

The establishment of a super-court of discipline to be presided over by a non-Fascista—a sort of Judge Landis, we suppose.

The development of the Fascist trade-union movement simultaneously with Fascist collaboration with capital, to the end that profits of capital be shared with the workers.

It will surprise no one to learn that the Grand Council of the Fascisti enthusiastically and unanimously indorsed his programme. Open dissent from the publicly announced programme of Mussolini would be as improbable among Fascisti as a publicly acknowledged debate in the Kloncilium of the Ku Klux Klan over the recommendations of the Imperial Wizard. This means simply that Mussolini, like every other good leader, continues to keep in touch with the people whom he leads.

Tolstoy on Trial

ACCORDING to a despatch from Vienna which we find in the New York "Herald-Tribune," the Bolsheviki have been enjoying themselves in a public trial of Tolstoy. Those of us who remember Tolstoy may at first wonder whether the philosopher, Socialist, and radical was selected for reprobation because of any supposed immoral tendencies in his books. Those who object to certain things in his "Resurrection" and "Kreutzer Sonata" might mistakenly think this to be the case. Not at all! The terrible charge was brought that Tolstoy was *bourgeois*, which from the Red point of view is far, far worse than being immoral.

The story relates that the widow of Lenine appeared as prosecutor, and she is quoted as saying: "I have read Tolstoy's works, and I maintain that their effect is worse than that of opium; they are permeated with the poisonous doctrines of the *bourgeoisie*. Every line is full of narrow-minded ideas." Comrade Krupskaja, as Lenine's widow is called in this story, went on to speak of Anna Karenina as nothing but "a sentimental *bourgeoise* caught in the toils of middle-class morality," and declared that Tolstoy's women generally fell far below Communistic ideals.

Following the process by which canonization is attained by saints in the Roman Catholic Church, the court appointed an advocate to defend the culprit —no less a person, in fact, than the Minister for Proletarian Education. He was a very mild defender indeed, for he admitted that the case was one which his conscience really forbade him to espouse and that Tolstoy was really and truly middle class and *bourgeois*. He could plead but one extenuating circumstance, and that was "that the accused lived at a period when the proletarian dictatorship and its culture were unknown."

It is not surprising that the jury convicted poor old Tolstoy, who died thirteen years ago thinking that he was a radical of the radicals. The verdict was that Tolstoy's books should be removed from all public and private libraries so far as they might have contaminating *bourgeois* influence; that they should be ground into pulp, and that the pulp should be made into paper which should be used for printing the nobly educational and humane works of Lenine and other Red authors who were, in the opinion of the court, to be looked at as the modern Tolstoys, Dostoievskys, and Turgenevs.

One interesting feature of this extraordinary trial was that the phrase "proletarian dictatorship" was used officially in this trial. This is the true and precise definition of the underlying doctrine of Bolshevism, and was used by Lenine himself in a published address made in April, 1918, and at the time reported in The Outlook. The phrase is far more descriptive than the words Communism, Socialism, and Anarchism, which are commonly and loosely used. The philosophy may be wearing out a little at the edges and may be less strenuously proclaimed than before, but Bolshevism remains in essence unchanged.

The Crime of a Persian Mob

RELIGIOUS superstition and priestcraft rather than any nationalistic feeling incited the mob which killed Major Robert Imbrie, Vice-Consul at Teheran and injured his companion. Apparently the mob did not know, and probably did not care, that its victims were Americans or, in fact, foreigners of any kind. The delusion which possessed the minds of these Persian fanatics was that their victims belonged to the hated sect of the Bahais. Believing that the water in a sacred well had been poisoned by Bahais, who may be classified roughly as Persian modernists, the orthodox crowd set upon the two Americans with all the passion of lynchers set upon a criminal and fanatics set upon a heretic. The Americans had descended from their carriage with the purpose of taking a photograph, and, being warned, had attempted to drive away. Unfortunately, there were Persian soldiers in the crowd and there were only ineffectual and feeble attempts on the part of the police to control the assailants.

Though the Persian Government has apparently of its own free will made apology and offered punishment of the guilty as well as financial indemnity for the widow, the United States Department of State has thought it advisable to send the Persian Government a very blunt note. The Department's indignation over the affair was increased when later word came that after the murder of Major Imbrie his widow was insulted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by a young Persian. Evidently, the American Government thinks that Persia's Bolshevized Government has been dilatory and lax.

There is every reason for Persia to feel friendly toward the United States. It is to be hoped that the Persian Government will see the necessity of recognizing its full obligations in this affair. Though the Persians are suspicious of both the English and the Russians because both England and Russia have attempted to exploit Persia, the popular feeling toward Americans is very friendly, as it ought to be. Three American travelers have just been through a part of Persia where no Europeans or Americans, so far as is known, had been before, and they traveled unarmed in perfect safety, so a despatch from Paris reports. If relations are strained between Persia and the United States, it will be, not on account of the Persian people, but on account of their Bolshevized Government.

Irish Progress and Irish Quarrels

IRELAND has lately figured in the news pages in three matters—two conducive to peace and progress, one acrimonious in nature but at least not threatening bloodshed—as yet!

The release of De Valera from prison is an indication that the Irish Free State does not fear him as an insurrectionist and that it thinks De Valera free less a menace than De Valera in jail. Probably the Government would have been glad to avoid imprisoning him at all, but he was a last-ditcher of the most pertinacious kind and refused to compromise or to surrender, insisting that the Irish Republic already existed and that Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith and other Irish patriots were traitors who ought to be hanged. De Valera was cheered by Dublin throngs, showed his old fierceness when he declared that the republicans were no longer the rearguard, but were now the main body of the nation, and asked who now dared "to stand up and bend the knee" (a real Irish bull) to a foreign Power—meaning England. But no one seems to believe that hostilities will be renewed, although there is some danger that the Irish in America may again be solicited to contribute money to stir up agitation in the Free State.

The news that the Irish Free State is about to send its own Minister to Washington is an interesting evidence that it believes in its status as a freely self-governing Dominion like Canada, which also not long since considered the idea of sending its Minister to Washington, although the plan seems to have been laid aside. In either case only matters clearly affecting the Dominion, and not the Empire, would be taken up with the Minister by our State Department, and our Government has made known its willingness to accept an accredited Minister of the Irish Free State on that footing.

The third piece of Irish news is not very encouraging. It concerns the appointment of a commission to delimit the boundary between Ulster and the Free State. Such a commission was promised in the terms of the London Treaty. But Ulster was not a party to that treaty. She has not the slightest intention of appointing an Ulster member of the commission called for by an agreement in which she took no part, nor has she the remotest idea of giving up any considerable portion of her territory even though the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh and some other places are alleged to be Catholic, agricultural, and anxious to join the Free State.

Ulster's position is logical enough. She organized under the Home Rule Act in 1920; has her own lawful Parliament and Prime Minister; doesn't want to be a Dominion, but does mean to dominate her own affairs. The puzzle is a poser. At first England proposed to have a commission with Ulster left out, then to appoint some one to represent Ulster; finally, King George was appealed to, and has lately asked the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to decide whether the Irish Boundary Commission can operate in the absence of an Ulster representative.

There is political peril in this peculiar position, and if hot-headed disputants are not led into some kind of arbitration or mutual accommodation there may be danger of actual hostilities between North and South.

Wide World Photos

Eamon De Valera (in center with spectacles) greeted by admirers on his recent release from prison

Peace and Defense

AFTER every war there comes naturally a period of revulsion. It is the wholesome reaction of normal minds against an abnormal thing. It is not merely an emotional depression following a period of emotional exaltation; it is not merely the rebellion of released spirits against the authority that must be exercised in any time of exigency; it is also the natural effect of counting up the cost. When the fighting is on, it is idle, and for most sane minds impossible, to consider whether fighting is worth while; but when the fighting is over the cost seems enormous, and the gain, if gain there be, is likely to be lost sight of.

America has gone through this period of revulsion after every war. It is not surprising that America should be going through this period now. Pacifism has been revived and in some quarters is almost in fashion.

So far as this is an expression of the pacific spirit of the American people it is not to be deplored, but, on the contrary, to be welcomed as a sign of health. But, like emotion in war time, this revulsion of feeling may, and often does, become abnormal and unwholesome. It is hurtful when it leads people into false expectations. Demonstrations designed to persuade the people generally that war can be abolished by simply saying there should be no more war fail

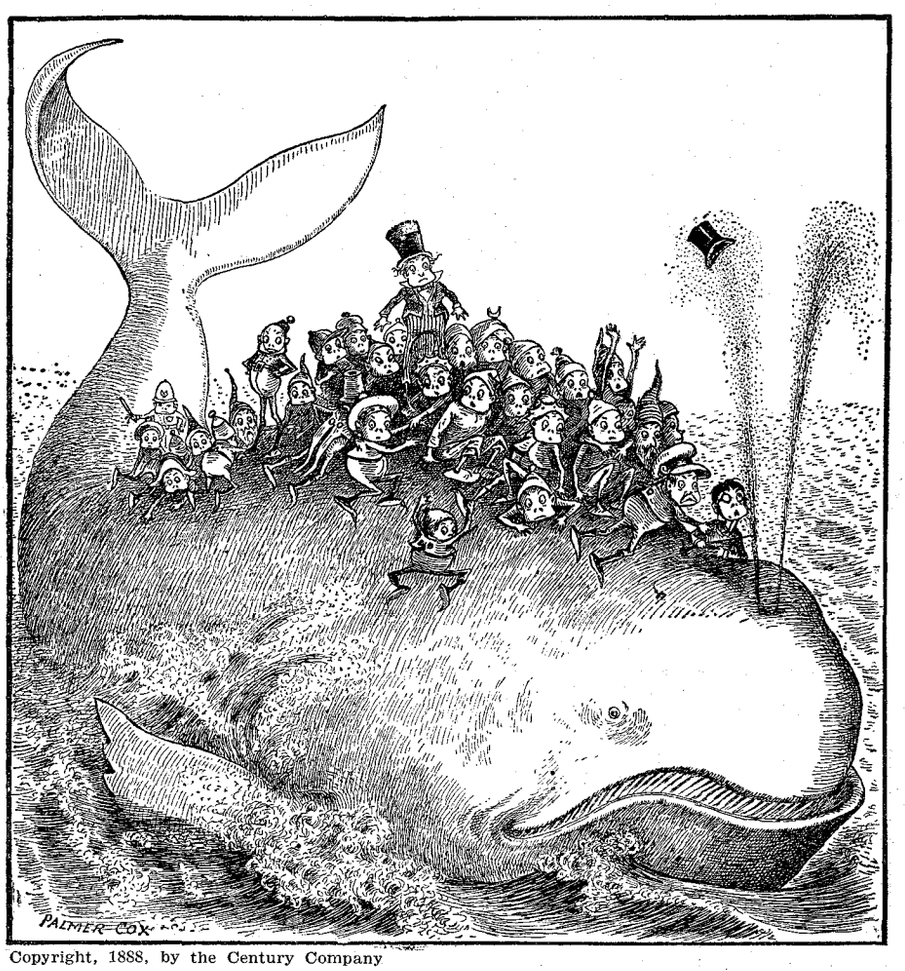
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to promote peace and increase the cost of war when it comes.

Public sentiment should therefore be on its guard against attempts at this time to destroy or break down the Nation's means of self-defense. One of the lessons which ought to have been learned in the World War is that when war comes the Nation ought to have under its control all its resources—not only its man power for the battlefield, but also its industrial power. In response to that lesson Congress passed the National Defense Law, and now September 12 has been designated National Defense Day. There is no intention of mobilizing the forces of the Nation on that day. Indeed, if there were any such intention, it would be foolish, for mobilization is a long process. It is rather to serve as a reminder to the people that they have certain duties which the Nation will expect them to perform in time of National danger. Against this there have been certain protests—notably by a pacifist society known as the National Council for the Prevention of War and by Governor Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

There are just two possible ways of defending the Nation. One is by the maintenance of a huge military establishment. The other is by the organization of the whole citizenry for self-defense. There ought to be no question in the mind of any one who values civil liberties as to which is the better method. As President Coolidge has pointed out in a letter to the executive secretary of the protesting pacifist society, National Defense Day is really a day of inspection and is a "non-militaristic gesture for the purpose of keeping down to its lowest possible point the professional military organization of the United States."

American citizens who detest militarism (which is the determination of national policies by the military branch) should not obstruct, but encourage such undertakings as National Defense Day and the maintenance of civilian military training camps. The professional pacifists are really defeating their own professed purposes. If they had their way, the citizens would be untrained in arms, and when war came it would be costly, prolonged, and in the control of those who make military matters a profession. The best way to avoid this is to make every citizen feel that if war comes, it will come to him and his. That is the way the Swiss have always felt; and, in consequence, when the World War came it raged about them, but it never crossed their border.



Copyright, 1888, by the Century Company

A picture by Palmer Cox accompanying his verses "The Brownies and the Whale," in "St. Nicholas" for February, 1888

The Brownies

WHEN "St. Nicholas" came, we looked first of all to see what the Brownies were doing. Just as some readers of the morning newspapers to-day turn instantly to hunt for the "Gumps" or for "Mutt and Jeff," we opened our favorite magazine in the '80's and '90's to find out what sort of scrape Palmer Cox had devised for his crew of elves, and how he got them safely out of it. Now that the creator of the Brownies has died in the town in the Province of Quebec where he was born more than eighty years ago, thousands of men and women are going back to their Brownie books or to the old numbers of "St. Nicholas" to see those fascinating creatures again. Not Frank Stockton's nor J. T. Trowbridge's stories, not even A. B. Frost's nor J. G. Francis's pictures, were more alluring.

Mr. Cox had been brought up, of course, upon legends of those Scottish sprites, the brownies, whose midnight pranks are humorous but kindly. But he developed them into a recognized band of adventurers, a collection of individuals, each with his pleasing characteristics. They had certain fixed laws. They had to be back—wherever that was—by dawn. And they were seldom, if ever, seen by mortals. And there were no females among them. The place for the girl or woman Brownie was plainly in the home. They could not repeat any action—and this nearly put an end to them. For when shipwrecked upon an island, they were estopped from building a ship or a raft since they had already built both, it looked as if the Brownies might have to stay on that island forever. Luckily, it was the resort of swarms of sea-birds, strong-winged and powerful. To these carriers (as they roosted on crags, sleeping, with fatuous smiles) the Brownies repaired, and, climbing on the birds' backs, were soon conveyed to the mainland.

In the verses accompanying the pictures (verses which, perhaps, many admirers never read) there is seldom any reference to individuals. The Brownies were a communistic group. But the pictures sharply differentiated various per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonages, and we all had our favorites. We looked eagerly and were not happy until we had found the King, the Irishman (with his coat tails), the Policeman (with his billy), the Uncle Sam, the Turk, the Chinaman (usually in misfortune), or the Jockey. The King, for all his crown, did not seem to have any special authority, nor be able to enforce law and order half so well as the Policeman. One or another of these important Brownies was always in a position of great danger or embarrassment. He had fallen overboard and was in imminent peril from a shark, or he had tumbled out of the balloon only to be caught by his coat tails at the very last second. But none of them ever came to grief. Like the animals in Mr. Burgess's "Bedtime Stories," they always escape unhappy endings.

But of all the favored Brownies, for his mirth-provoking qualities and his exciting escapes, the Dude was easily chief. To anybody whose memory does not go back thirty or forty years the word "dude" is almost meaningless, and the complete disappearance of the belief in him is one of the strange differences between 1888 and 1924. "Lounge-lizard" and "cake-eater" may carry some of the significance which attached to the word "dude," but the first has a sinister meaning which makes it quite another term. Fostered by endless pictures and jokes in the comic press—in "Life," "Puck," and "Judge"—the people of the United States in the 1880's firmly believed in the existence of strange male creatures (chiefly inhabiting New York) called "dudes." These beings were vacuous and foolish in facial expression, and invariably wore monocles. High hats were their perpetual head covering; they affected silly tail-coats, and always carried walking-sticks, the handles of which were usually in their mouths. Their favorite, almost their only remark was "Aw!" The Dude among the Brownies was always high in our estimation; he got in more difficulties than all the rest, and he gave us more amusement than any other. We loved him, although we would have been ashamed to admit it.

American Farmers at Verdun

Special Correspondence from Wisconsin

By FREDERICK W. JONES

THE College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin, which has done more for rural life in America than any other institution of learning, has completed a diagnosis of the farmer's ills and is ready to prescribe. The prescription, unfortunately, will not be eagerly sought by the patient. Unlike all the agricultural patent medicines now on the overstocked market, it is not warranted to cure at once. It is offered as a heroic measure of relief for the painful crisis now at hand, and, what is of far greater importance, it is urged as a preventive of a return of the dread disease, once time and natural economic laws have effected a cure.

The prescription calls for a radical change from the present wide application of the gospel of despair as found in the McNary-Haugen Bill to a gospel of courage and a conviction that worth-while living is, after all, the great end of agriculture.

Wisconsin—I am using the word to connote the research and practical science of the University—says that there is no course as yet advocated by business or Government that promises very much immediate improvement. The recovery of agriculture is sure to be slow. The sooner the farmer ceases to pin his faith to a revived McNary-Haugen Bill or to invoking the tariff, says our authority, the better for him. All that will materially help him at once is a new philosophy.

Farming in the European countries suffering most from the World War was the first industry to show marked improvement. Wherever the currency greatly depreciated in value the farmers easily paid off their mortgages. To-day there are no farm mortgages in Germany. A debt of millions of marks could be liquidated by marketing a hen's egg.

Farming requires little capital, some varieties none at all. Besides, acreage can be increased without serious expense.

Our markets, then, have been curtailed by an aggressive foreign agriculture, intent on supplying the needs of urban folk seriously crippled in purchasing power. Many of our farmers who are most seriously affected by present conditions are trying to pay interest on money borrowed during the war to buy land at double pre-war prices.

Remedies or Nostrums?

THE prices of goods the farmer has to buy have risen; the prices of those he sells have, in general, fallen. The tariff which holds up the manufacturer's prices will not, declares Wisconsin, hold up the farmer's, except where the home-grown supply is necessarily limited, as in the case of sugar. The McNary-Haugen Bill itself is recognition of the fact that no half-way measure can be of any avail. What is needed is something thoroughly radical. That attempted bit of legislation would set the Government up in the business of buying wheat and other commodities in such quantities as would raise prices to certain prescribed levels in the open market. Whatever the Government lost in disposing of its purchases would be pooled among the producers, in part by the use of a form of scrip.

Wisconsin says that there are enormous difficulties in the way of administering such a law, but, more than all that, it would not benefit the farmer if it could be administered. It is, however, a nostrum that has caught the fancy of farmers. And the fact that it was concocted in the office of a large farm machinery company gives it strong business indorsement. Almost certainly the radicals will cry for it at the next session of Congress.

Quack remedies are advertised to work rapidly, but all the sound remedies at present on hand for agriculture will work slowly, even their advocates admit. Better farming, more efficient marketing, a more intelligent National land policy, etc., require time and experience to perfect. And, more than that, they are not so important to first-class farming in the long run as the materialistic school of economists would have us believe.

Take more efficient marketing, for example. Wherever private agencies perform this service the chief reason for change to co-operative methods is not one of profit—the profit is smaller—but one of independence. The farmer through his own organization has more control over his own business. There, again, is an important factor in worth-while living.

Professor Theodore Macklin, of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Department of Agricultural Economics, noted for his achievements in research, puts it this way:

"We are standing on the bank of a stream watching the farmer drown and saying to him, 'Wait ten minutes until we can run to town and get a rope.' What we should be doing is putting heart into him, not despair, and then he would call upon wonderful reserve strength to gain the log within his own reach that will hold him up until real relief can come to him."

It may seem singular to many hard-thinking students of economics that the University of Wisconsin, that has accomplished so much in the field of empirical agriculture, should place the emphasis at this critical moment, not on "profits," but on "worth-while living" or "the satisfactions of life." "How can a farmer," the natural question comes, "raise his standard of living if he has no money and with the present conditions of the market can make none?"

The Wisconsin answer would be something like this:

"It is not so much a question of more money as of higher values. Of course money is important, but it is not an end in itself, only a means. And, particularly now that more profits can come only gradually because of disturbed world-wide economic conditions, why not once for all center the interest on the essential and enduring factor? Why not right at this point start building agriculture on a safe and lasting foundation? And in the building make use of the Nation's great socializing agencies?"

Profits never did make a stable or satisfying agriculture. Quite the contrary. When war gave them unheard-of profits, were the farmers satisfied? No; they could see in agriculture little more than the dollars they could make out of it. They turned it into a gigantic gambling device, buying up vast acres at enormous prices to win more dollars. The fact is, nothing of permanent value can be contributed to agriculture by a philosophy of profits. Only ruin can come of it.

In normal times the emphasis has been upon production. "Increase production," the experts told the farmer, "and agriculture will prosper." Wisconsin would put the emphasis in another place, in some such way as this: "Reduce the number of acres required for the old volume of production and put the savings into worth-while living."

Here is a practical method of relief that can be put into immediate effect.

Now for the heart of it all—this problem of worth-while living that Wisconsin talks so much about.

When Roosevelt wrote the preface to the report of the Country Life Commission, which anticipated by several years many of the very problems that are now puzzling the brains of statesmen and scientists, he was on the trail of the Wisconsin idea. "Agriculture," he put it, "is not the whole of country life. The great rural interests are human interests, and good crops are of little interest to the farmer unless they open the door to a good kind of life on the farm."

Close upon the heels of the idea comes Dr. Sanderson, of Cornell, saying: "It may not be too much to claim that the largest value in the agricultural industry is in the possibility of the most satisfying type of home life."

Sociologists tell us that the city home is breaking up. The best urban folk can do, they contend, is to retain the family and develop it through socializing agencies outside the home.

In the rural district the home is still intact. Its preservation and cultivation is distinctly one of the chief elements in worth-while living. And Wisconsin calls upon the great socializing agencies of America to show the farmer all the advantages he enjoys or can be helped to enjoy in that respect.

The University is the better fitted for this task because of the fact that it convenes every year the National Inter-Church Rural Conference at Madison. At the third annual gathering, which has recently adjourned, clergy from all parts of the country attended. They took home with them this charge of Professor Macklin's: "Preach to the farmers the gospel of courage. You, of all men, are fitted for the task. There is not one word of despair in the Christian religion." These men who have given their lives to the service of communities dependent on agriculture knew what he meant. But it took them ten days of intensive study to realize the whole truth.

In illustration: Sir Henry Rew, for many years in the British public service, specializing in agriculture, delivered several lectures which dealt largely with the worth-whileness of rural life. Here are some of his points:

England, contrary to her fears, came through the war without losing her virility. That was chiefly due to the courage and stamina of the county families and the rural classes. . . . Families moving from the rural districts to London die out in three generations unless they return to the soil or are replenished from it. Both in the United States and in England the death rate among babies is lower in the rural districts than in the cities. It is also lower among boys and girls, young men and young women. In the cities, too, middle-aged men and women wear out sooner than in the country. All this is true in spite of the unfortunate fact that sanitation and medical oversight are not nearly as efficient in rural communities. Perhaps of greatest significance to worth-while living is the statement that families are materially larger in the country than in the city. In other words, rural life is safer and is less wasteful than city life.

Moreover, certain moral qualities of inestimable value to humanity, Sir Henry pointed out, are developed by agriculture, among them doggedness, serenity under terrific strain, independence, self-reliance, honesty. (He cited the instance of peasants calmly tilling their fields with shells dropping about them.)

This question of the fundamental importance of worth-while living in rural communities was brought out also by nearly every instructor, lecturer, and speaker. And practical methods of promoting it, at least in considerable part, even before agriculture is assured of fair profits were described.

How to Keep the Young Folks

THE reason young women and young men leave the farm—statistics say that there are more young women than young men in the migration—is not primarily unprofitable farming, but lack of opportunity for recreation in their communities.

Professor Fred Schlatter taught the clergy dances and games one hour every day. Here, again, Wisconsin was doing something practical to work out its idea. The Rev. William P. McDermott, of Evansville, Wisconsin, a Roman Catholic priest who has made a liberal contribution to worth-while living in rural communities, taught church pageantry and dramatics, while Dr. Edgar B. Gordon gave instruction in community singing.

There are literally hundreds of organized agencies eager to help improve the social life of the farmer. The trouble is that the middleman, who sticks so closely to the farmer in financial relationships, is not on hand to make these equally necessary contacts. Then, too, nearly all our social work is urban. City folk have developed it; city folk have applied it; city folk have profited by it. The same sort of social work is not always adapted to both the city and the country. But Wisconsin and other agricultural colleges are working out a rural technique. It is not difficult. Pretty much all that is required is a vocation. Men and women are needed who love the open spaces and the folk who dwell in them, who know the joys that are peculiarly rural and can bring the gospel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of courage and worth-while living together with wholesome pleasures to the farmer and his wife and their boys and girls. Missionaries of this sort need not wait for a prosperous agriculture to begin their work.

Here is one striking bit of evidence that the Wisconsin idea is not a counsel of perfection: The Episcopal Church, which for many years has been almost completely urban-minded, sent thirty-five out of the eighty-five delegates at the National conference and is preparing to draw upon its large resources for the service of rural life.

To sum up the whole question, suppose the French soldiers at Verdun in their great peril cried out for help from certain destruction. Suppose politicians in hasty search of votes and soft-hearted loose-thinkers responded with this counsel of despair: "There is no longer any use depending upon your own strength and courage. You are helpless to save yourselves. But in the great emergency we have adopted desperate measures and found the way out. We called in Edison, and he has perfected a device now at hand which will destroy the Germans during their next charge upon you."

Compare that counsel with this:

"There is no way for the present of holding off the Germans and saving yourselves and your country except through your own efforts. The Americans are not yet prepared. But you are citizens of the fairest of all countries. You have inherited the stoutest hearts, the bravest souls mankind has ever known. Call upon all the courage you have in you, and we will send you all the help we can. The nation's most self-sacrificing priests, most capable nurses, ablest musicians, most talented actors, most lovable actresses, and most gifted singers are now on the way to you to bring you a message of love, sympathy, and hope, and also to share your lot."

Out of which counsel would spring that cry that saved civilization: "They shall not pass"?

Our farmers now are at Verdun. Shall we lie to them about our measure of relief? Shall we raise false hopes in their hearts? Shall we make cowards of them? Shall we throw them a few pennies out of the National treasury to pauperize them? Or shall me tell them the truth and mobilize all our socializing and heartening forces to come to their aid and comfort, while at the same time laying deep and strong the foundation of a permanently satisfying agriculture?

The Art of Malvina Hoffman

By Marion Couthouy Smith

An estimate of one woman's contribution to heroic beauty in the development of modern sculpture

ONE of the most remarkable developments of our time in the realm of art is the rise of sculpture from the decadent condition into which the other arts appear to have fallen. Out of the welter of distortion and grotesquerie which has threatened to destroy all standards in painting, poetry, and music sculpture rises free, on mighty wings, as if newly created—returning to the Greek ideals which seemed to have passed beyond our sight. Even where we have vehement action—perhaps a perilous thing in sculpture—we are returning to harmony and grace. The lost lyrical quality, the melody and simplicity, which are too often matters of ridicule with the *intelligentsia*, are reviving in marble and bronze and again asserting their immortal spell. The approach is rather to the Greek than to the mediæval.

Another remarkable feature of this revival is that so much of it is the work of women. The art of all others most dependent upon large conception and accurate physical effort owes much of its development to the hand of woman. And among the outstanding figures in this great achievement we find Malvina Hoffman, because her work has not only the surety of touch and delicate expressiveness which we might naturally claim for women, but that rounded quality of combined strength and grace which I will call heroic beauty. In dealing with the human form and face her work, however vivid and original, never departs from the recognized standards of beauty. In form it never descends to the grotesque, except when the grotesque is a necessary attribute of the subject, as in a faun or satyr; and, even so, this quality is tempered by the underlying harmonies of beauty, yet the impression of form is never obscured.

Malvina Hoffman

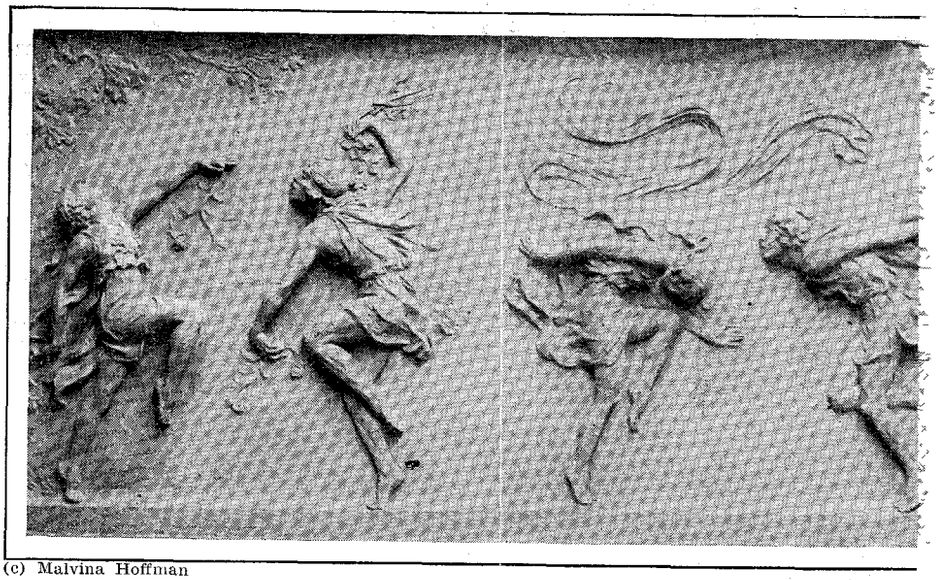
One group in bronze, entitled "Bacchanale Russe," two running, dancing figures which have the joyous woodland atmosphere, have also that tender, elusive quality of beauty which some modern artists have affected to despise. In Miss Hoffman's work the expression of beauty appears to be instinctive. Given the soul of the subject, the beauty grows out of it spontaneously. In her studio there is a head of John Keats, whose beauty, stronger and less obvious than Shelley's, has not escaped the artist's keen interpretation. She also shows a portrait head in bronze of a Serbian warrior, which has very distinctively this quality of heroic beauty. Some artists would have made of this man merely a soldier; she has made him a hero, with precisely the right touch of the romantic element to add power and dignity to the effect, and she has used the familiar knitted helmet to frame the strong face, like a cap of steel.

Miss Hoffman has finished three portraits of Ignaz Paderewski. These are the result of ten years of study and observation, and represent the great musician as man, artist, and statesman. They have recently been exhibited at the Grand Central Galleries and at Knoedler's. Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn has just purchased "The Artist," and presented it to the American Academy in Rome. These works were also exhibited at the City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

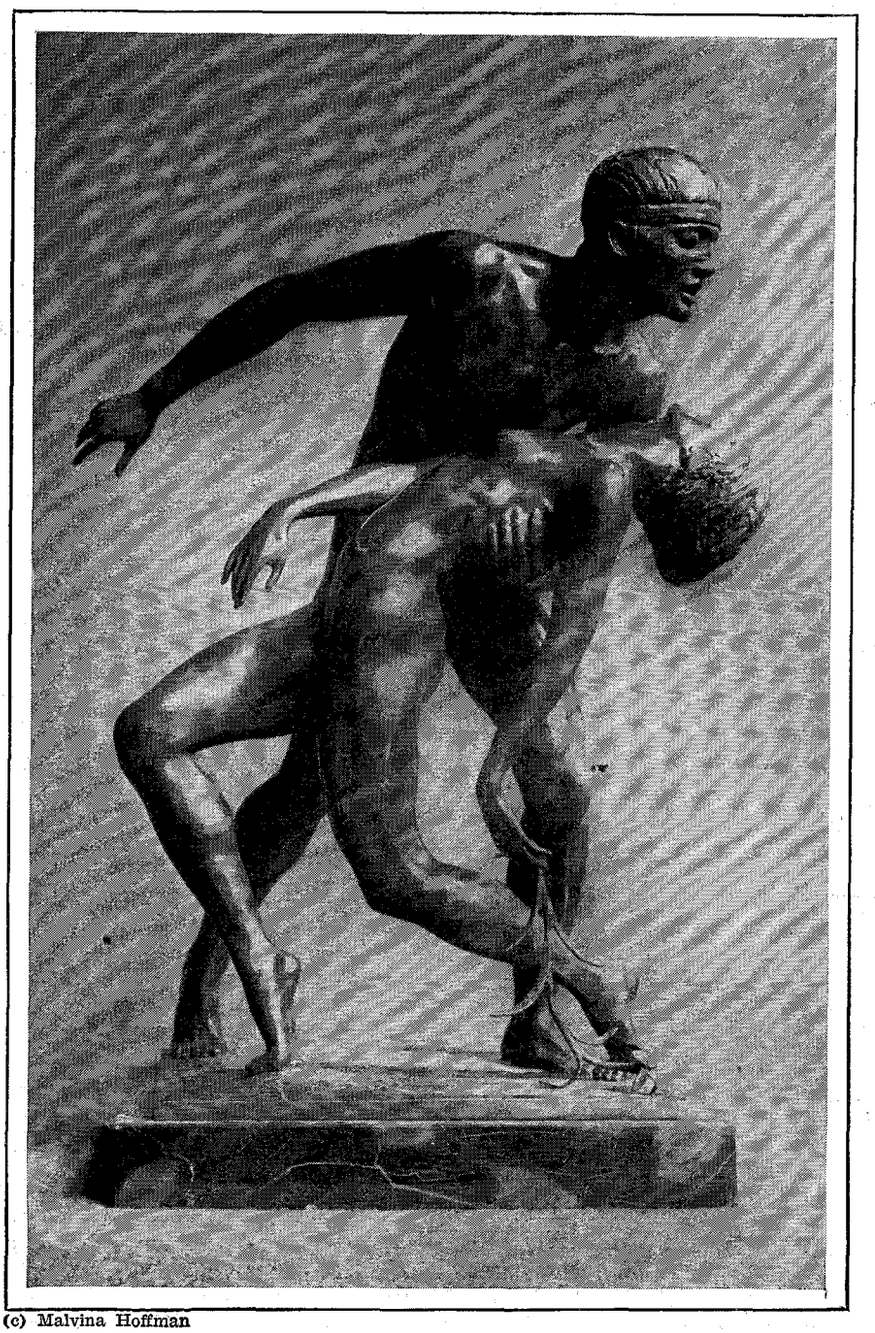
Art Museum, St. Louis, and at the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy. "The Statesman" is the most impressive; it has an effect of brooding mystery which recalls the Egyptian; and "The Artist" is the embodiment of a soul of dreams.

A portrait of "Gervais Elwes" will go to Queen's Hall, London; and another exceptionally great work, not to be pictured because still incomplete, will also go to London, to be beautifully set in a large temple-like building. The masterpiece which has placed Miss Hoffman at the zenith of her power while still a young woman is, of course, the memorial group entitled "The Sacrifice," presented to Harvard University by Mrs. Robert Bacon, of New York, at present housed at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in the first chapel on the 113th Street side. No photograph, and certainly no description, can give an adequate idea of the beauty and power and spiritual force of this work. The present writer, appealed to for detailed information, has more than once been an impromptu lecturer at this shrine before a circle of eager and reverent faces.



(c) Malvina Hoffman

First panel of the "Bacchanale Dance"



(c) Malvina Hoffman

"La Peri"

Miss Hoffman was born in New York on June 15, 1887, and is the daughter of Richard Hoffman, a pianist of renown. She studied painting with John Alexander, and sculpture with Gutzon Borglum in New York and Auguste Rodin in Paris. She has won the following awards:

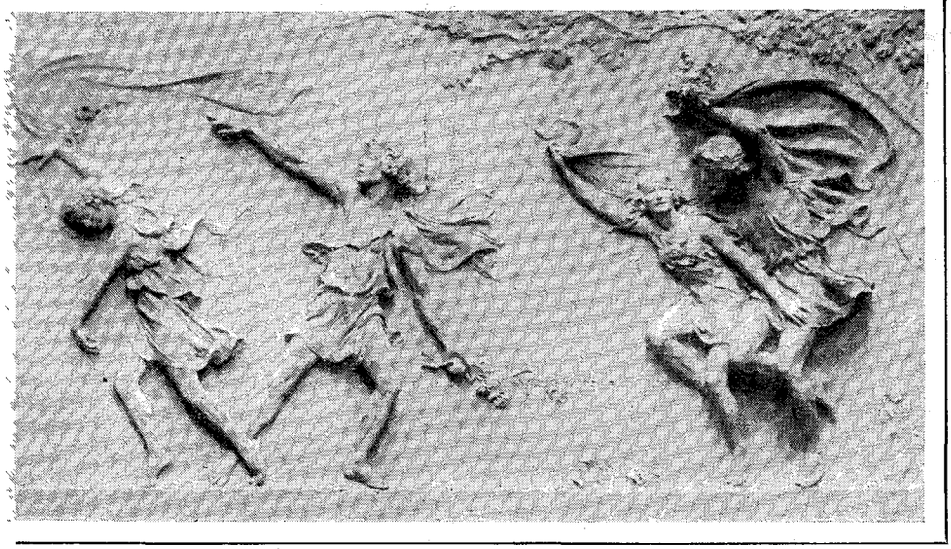
Portrait of S. B. Grimson, honorable mention, Paris, 1911; "Russian Dancers," first prize, Paris, 1911; honorable mention, Panama Pacific International Exposition, 1915; Shaw Memorial prize, National Academy, New York, 1917; the George D. Widener Memorial Gold Medal, Pennsylvania Academy, 1920; the Helen Foster Barnett prize, National Academy, New York, 1921.

In the following places other works are now on view:

American Museum of Natural History, New York; Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Art Institute of Chicago; Detroit Museum; Cleveland Museum; and the Luxembourg Musée, Paris.

Miss Hoffman is a member of the Art Alliance of America, the National Institute of Social Sciences, the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, the National Sculpture Society, the Painters' and Sculptors' Gallery Association, and an honorary member of the Three Arts Club. Her decorations are "Palmes Académique," France, 1920.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



series of poses of Pavlowa and her partner

and "Royal Order of Saint Sava III," Jugoslavia, 1921.

During the war Miss Hoffman was Director of Domestic and Foreign Information at the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross.

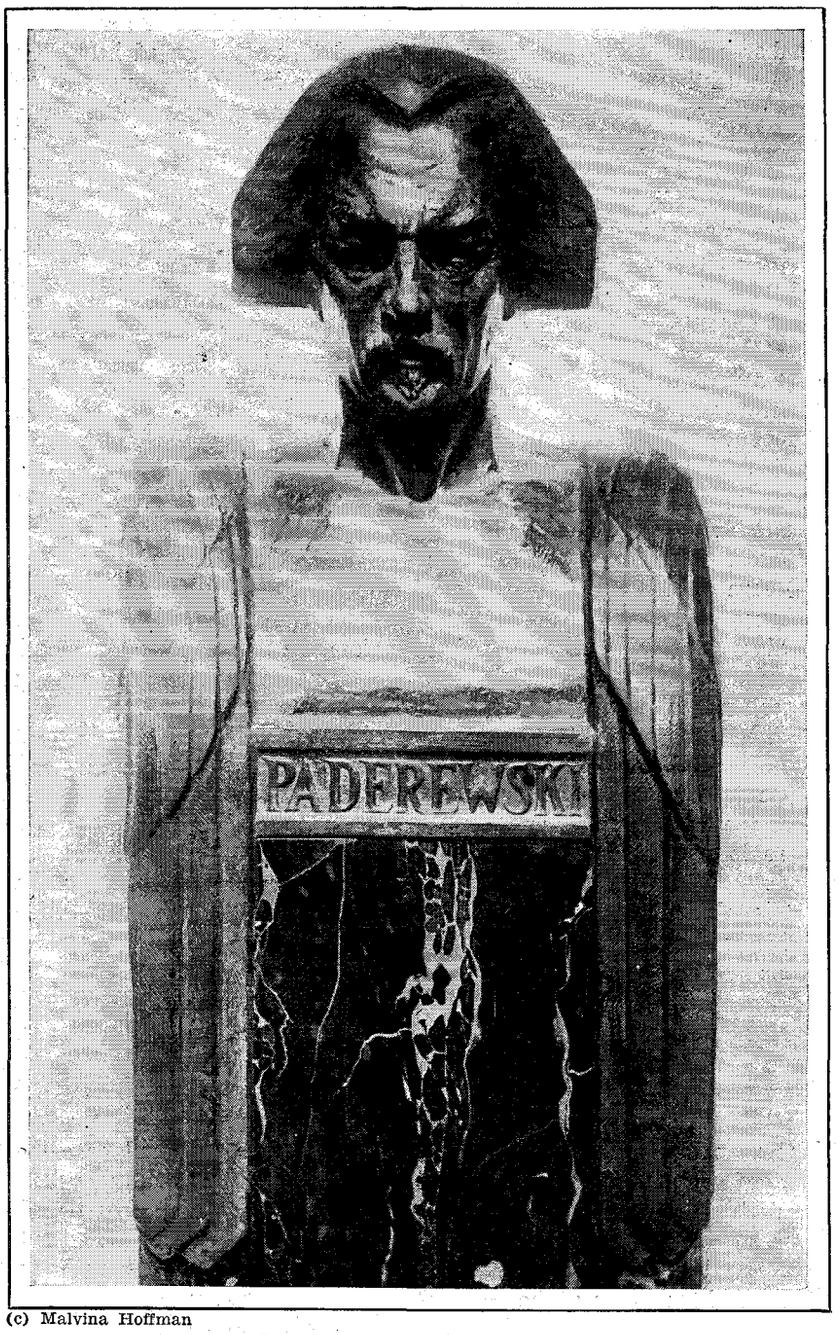
She was one of the founders and the American representative of the Appui aux Artistes, a French war charity, which gave meals, clothing, and medical care to the artists and their families who were destitute in France. This society furnished over 500,000 meals in its canteens in Paris.

In 1918 Miss Hoffman organized the American Jugoslav Relief. This society collected funds and clothing which were distributed through the American Relief Administration to the debilitated children of Jugoslavia. In 1919 she made a tour of the Balkans for the American Relief Administration, where she gathered information as to the immediate needs of the country and visited the child-feeding stations. These vital human experiences seem rather to have served her art than hindered it.

All the works described so far have been figures of classic perfection, without movement; but her delineations of vehement action, an essentially modern feature, have no suggestion of distortion. A recent work is a frieze showing a series of poses of Pavlowa and her partner in the "Bacchanale Dance," in which the succession takes away the effect of arrested action. There is also a single pose of Pavlowa and Novikoff, in bronze, called "La Peri," and one of Pavlowa alone. Her latest small bronze, "Bill," the "mascot of the studios," in the act of polishing the floor, has a touch of freakish humor.

Miss Hoffman has little sympathy with the modern attempt to express an idea with a sweep of symbolic formation. She believes that everything about a figure should aid in expressing the leading idea of the work; and she carries out this theory consistently with a breadth of design that relieves the careful attention to detail. The work still unfinished bids fair to continue her fine tradition of heroic beauty.

Since this article was planned and chiefly written Miss Hoffman has been married to Mr. Samuel Bonarios Grimson, an Englishman, a musician, scientist, and inventor. The ceremony took place on June 6, 1924, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in St. Ansgarius Chapel, where Miss Hoffman's group, "The Sacrifice," is at present on view.



(c) Malvina Hoffman

Paderewski—"The Statesman"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After the Matteotti Murder

An Account of the Ordeal that Mussolini is Undergoing

From a Special Correspondent in Rome

AMONG the many questions which the horrors and scandals of the past month must have aroused in the minds of a student of Italian affairs, there has doubtless been one which has been pre-eminent: "Will Mussolini fall?" That question can already be answered in the negative. No other issue was ever probable after the first few days. The anger of the Roman people is quick to flare up and quick to die away. The same crowd that howled for Crispi's blood after the news of Adowa re-elected Crispi a few months later. And in this instance, after the first wave of rage and suspicion had passed, most people were struck by the consideration that calm was the only way to avoid something very like civil war, and that the person most likely to exact punishment and prevent disorder was the man whom the criminals had acknowledged as their political chief and whom the forces calculated to create disorder professed their readiness to obey. Therefore Mussolini endures; therefore the country has accepted his version of the responsibility for the crime; and therefore the Senate and Roman people—a curious but accurate revival of a famous term, for the critical vote of confidence took place in the Senate, and the attitude of the people has tacitly approved the Senate's action—have consented to give him another chance, though only on conditions.

For Mussolini's position and attitude have alike been sensibly changed. He is no longer Jupiter thundering forth his commands; he is a man struggling to retrieve a damaged prestige. There are just three possible explanations of the fact that the coterie of extremists continued so long to terrorize Italy with impunity:

(1) Mussolini was in complete ignorance of their identity and activities.

(2) He knew perfectly well who they were and what they did and approved of their methods in the same way as Henry II of England knew and approved of the activities of the knights who rid him of that "turbulent fellow" Thomas à Becket; and his present rôle may be compared to that played by the English monarch when he allowed himself to be scourged by the monks of Canterbury in penance.

(3) He had this knowledge, but he disapproved of the action of the extremists, and had determined to break them. The fact that he had allowed them to continue for eighteen months is explained by his fear of breaking the solidarity of the party.

The first theory is certainly untrue, for it presupposes that Mussolini is a blind fool. During the whole of these eighteen months he has been in daily contact with all the principals who are now in prison awaiting trial or in their homes under grave suspicion of misdemeanor. It is therefore impossible that he could have been ignorant of their character and aims. When it is remembered that the accused held prominent positions in the bureaucracy and the organization of the Fascista Party, both of which Mussolini boasted to have under his personal and direct control, the futility of a plea of ignorance becomes even more obvious.

The second theory is that of the Opposition, and the third that of Mussolini himself. The truth probably lies somewhere between the two. Mussolini always knew the extremists and their methods, for he created both the one and the other during the revolution which carried him to power. Since his assumption of power, as an intelligent man, he has perceived the necessity for a change of method, and one of his first actions was to distinguish between the "first and second phases of Fascismo." He himself before the Senate has given the list of the steps he took to change the purely revolutionary character of the movement. I was told, long before the Matteotti murder, by the "dissident" Fascisti of Florence, who had tried to organize the moderate section of the party, that Mussolini himself had assured them that he secretly favored their views, and would give effect to them if they kept quiet. He had certainly decided three days before the crime to take a moderate line, for in his speech to the new Chamber he openly declared for conciliation and pacification. On the other hand, at intervals since the march on Rome no one has used more inflammatory language, no one has shown a more profound hatred of the opponents of Fascismo, and no one has given utterance to more brutal and cynical theories of government than Signor Mussolini. There are those who pretend to discern that his every effort at conciliation has been frustrated by some sinister force which has occasioned an outburst of violence against those with whom he was on the point of coming to terms. This is wisdom after the event and a theory far too ingenuous.

Like many strong men, Mussolini has traits of violence in his character all his own, and the agents of violence have had some reason to think that they were not always acting contrary to the wishes of "il Duce." Therefore, although he is not acting when he declares the murder of Matteotti to have been "worse than a crime—a blunder;" though his professions of moderation are undoubtedly sincere; yet the system which produced the crime is his, and the crime itself was committed by those whose fault was that they had not his wisdom to see that the period of violence was over. It should be added that this limited moral responsibility for the crime does not extend to any kind of responsibility for the proceedings of those who used their position as Fascista leaders to fill their pockets; nor, of course, to any direct responsibility for the murder itself; for Mussolini is above bribery and murder.

No doubt the reader of liberal tendencies, accustomed to the strictest application of the doctrine of the collective responsibility of a government, will have felt some astonishment that this equivocal past has not prevented Italy, through the medium of the Senate, renewing its allegiance to the head of Fascismo. Indeed, the Italian Opposition shares to the full the complete distrust of his change of heart and method which a foreigner, in face of the evidence, might well evince. But the majority are convinced that he is more sinned against than sinning, and that he welcomes the blow to the extremists as accelerating a process to which he had already set his hand. The conviction is strengthened by a contemplation of the possible alternative Governments before the country. The Fascisti are still immensely strong, and they are armed. They at least would never tolerate any other political Government; and how could any such Government keep in order the masses of the Fascist militia, ready, as their spokesmen tell us, "to kill and to die for Fascismo"? The only immediate alternative, therefore, was a military Govern-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment under the most popular member of the royal house—the Duke of Aosta—which would have kept order in the country pending the holding of another election. One shudders to think what an election that would have been; and, in any event, the country did not want yet another exceptional Government. It wanted peace, a little less Fascista bombast, and a great deal more individual liberty. The waverers, therefore, thought that Mussolini was genuine and that his followers were sufficiently frightened to become normal citizens. On the whole, therefore, the grant to him of a new lease of political life has been well received.

The conditions of the grant are that Fascismo must change. The fight against the extremists is by no means finished, and signs of their renewed activity are many. The local "boss" of Cremona, Signor Farinacci, a member of the Fascista Directory, fills his paper daily with frantic appeals to "il Duce" to drop all this nonsense about normalization. Another leader, Signor Grandi, just promoted to be Under-Secretary to the Ministry of the Interior, addresses an oration in the old blood-and-thunder style to a huge Fascista gathering at Bologna. A man is murdered at Milan and a gentleman's house sacked at Turin. On the eve of the incorporation of the militia with the army, just after the solemn promise that this force is to be distinguished from the Fascista Party and devoted entirely to the service of the King and the state, its Commandant-General, Italo Balbo, sends a telegram to Mussolini on behalf of the officers and 90,000 men of the central provinces renewing in extravagant language their fidelity to "il Duce" and to Fascismo. More extraordinary still, Mussolini accepts their homage in the same tone! Decidedly, the progress of normalization is not going to be smooth.

Yet those who think that Fascismo is finished commit a grave error. Rome itself remembers only Matteotti; but the rest of Italy remembers the Socialist régime which Fascismo destroyed—the period of ceaseless strikes, of the blackmail of society, of brutal murders such as the massacre at Empoli, for which forty Communists are even now standing their trial. In spite of Fascista violence, life has been safer and quieter, the public services have been more efficient, and the conditions of life easier than before the Fascisti came to power. The foreign policy of Italy has been simple, strong, effective, and, with the exception of the Corfu incident, pacific. The finances are restored, and a debit of 3 milliards, reduced to one of 700 millions this year, will be transformed into a small surplus for next. This is the good side of Fascismo which should not be forgotten, for it gives it its claim to survive. The statement of the Opposition that anybody would have done as well is quite untrue. They did not when they had the chance, and they could never have had the strength. Fascismo may have made many mistakes even in administration, but its successes have been resounding and could only have been achieved by a Government with the strength of a successful revolution at its back. Even in their excesses the Fascisti have merely copied the Italian Bolsheviks, and in drawing up the mournful balance of Fascista outrages we should not forget the roll of Fascista victims, which numbered eleven dead during the recent elections alone.

Therefore the situation at the moment is one of suspense. Will Mussolini succeed in his difficult task of metamorphosing the Fascista Party into a civilian political organization? He has already included in his Ministry representatives of all the parties of the Right, and he may be able to form an Italian Conservative Party, or at least a National Bloc, which will give him the support of the conservative elements of the nation. Or will he succumb to the obstinacy, the folly, and the absurd pretensions of those who seek to identify Italy with Fascismo, and Fascismo with their own untrammeled selfishness, and will he fritter away the golden opportunity to leave a mark on history which shall be more than the splash of an adventurer? The answer depends on whether he can keep his head, and whether he has himself learned the lesson of the Matteotti murder—that no one man, however strong, can indefinitely disregard the principle that a government must secure the consent of those whom it governs.

The New French President

An Impression

By Charles Henry Meltzer

THE authority intrusted to the President of the French Republic is more limited than that allowed to American Presidents. Had M. Millerand not tried to extend his powers, he might to-day be at the Elysée, that palace in which Bonaparte once sat and ruled supreme.

But, modest though his position may appear to those who know the privileges and responsibilities of our Presidents, the man who has been chosen by the required majority of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies to act as the Chief Magistrate of France must have much weight, much influence, and no little dignity. He fills a place more like that of the British King than that of the unassuming but important little gentleman who now occupies—and, in effect, is now enthroned—at the White House.

Since his election President Doumergue has been seldom seen in public. He has attended a few harmless social functions; he has sat in his "tribune" at the races; and he has made a speech, in accordance with French custom, at the Parisian City Hall—the Hôtel de Ville. When he has shown himself, he has been treated with respect, and, according to some of the newspapers (which have their own way of interpreting plain facts), he has even been acclaimed with great enthusiasm. His urbanity has been commented on in flowery terms. His winning smile has helped to make him almost popular. Till his election no one had given much thought, perhaps, to his merits or demerits. The French Senate, in which he had served as Speaker, stands in a backwater, and has no very great significance at most times. It is as harmless, as a rule, as the House of Lords has been since it was shorn of its once broad and weighty influence. And of course it counts for infinitely less in politics than our own domineering, meddling upper house.

I had pictured him in my mind's eye as an elderly Prince Charming, with a touch of Theodore Roosevelt; less aggressive, to be sure, than our lost "Teddy," and more conventional. No one had shouted for him, in or out of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Doumergue

the French Parliament. Few had expected that he would cut out such Presidential possibilities as M. Painlevé and M. Poincaré. He was credited with shrewdness and experience. He had served in several Cabinets—as Minister, in turn, for Foreign Affairs, the Fine Arts, and Commerce. He could not, therefore, be a mere nonentity. And yet he did not mean much to his fellow-citizens. Clemenceau, Briand, Herriot, Millerand, Foch, were household words. But Doumergue? Well, like the proverbial Bourbeau, he "lacked prestige." On the other hand, he was thoroughly respectable. He had common sense (which France values more than genius), and he had not been compromised, like many of his rivals, in ugly scandals.

His selection by the two houses at Versailles may have been due, not to his claims on public favor, but to political juggling. It was undoubtedly the reverse of welcome to the "Bloc des Gauches" and its leaders, M. Herriot and M. Briand, who had hoped to see their nominee, M. Painlevé, installed at the Elysée. But, on the whole, it had the approval of the country, which dreads violence and demagogues like poison. We foreigners forget too frequently that the French peasants, being landholders, love order. The dwellers in the towns and the big cities may be radicals, in the extreme sense. Some may be Communists. The peasants none the less remain the greatest and the steadiest force in France.

Some days ago, as I was passing the Elysée, I had a glimpse of the new President. A squadron of mounted troops, picked men of the Garde Républicaine, with glittering cuirasses and helmets and white breeches beneath coats of blue and red, dashed round a corner in the Faubourg St. Honoré and halted at a sharp word of command. Fine fellows and good soldiers all of them, though not so smart as the Blue Horse Guards, whom I had seen only a short week or so before escorting the Rumanian and Italian royalties through London. Then from the courtyard of the palace an unseen officer barked out, "Por-tez arrr-mes!" The sabers from a hundred or more scabbards flashed and were lifted as a landau drawn by two brown horses rolled out slowly into the fierce sunlight of the street, and then on again towards the Hôtel de Ville, where the Municipal Council waited to bid welcome to the latest French Chief Magistrate.

In the landau were three men. One an officer in uniform, with his back to the driver. Another, evidently a secretary or member of the President's household. The third, in the place of honor, M. Doumergue. About a hundred idle people on the sidewalk watched the carriage rather curiously, and indeed critically, as it passed by, while the President raised his hat and vaguely smiled at the polite but mild applause that greeted him. Alas for all my fancies about "Teddy" and Prince Charming! M. Doumergue seemed to have neither charm nor style. A touch of distinction, if you will, but nothing more. His face was pale and worn and, to tell the truth, which does not flatter him, the least bit flabby. One might have mistaken him for a tired New York "business man" who, after a long life spent chiefly in his office, had retired and was about to sail for Europe. So this was "the smiling President" of whom I had read in those newspapers. In the early sixties, he looked well on in the seventies. Above all, what one missed in him was what we call magnetism. This M. Doumergue may serve his term quite decently. It is safe to say that he will do nothing to disgrace his office. He will not set the Seine on fire, or cause upheavals like his immediate predecessor, by his ambition—which he has probably now satisfied. So far, so good. It may not be really bad for France to have a President of his type for a few years.

I could not have guessed, had I not known it, that he was a southerner, from Provence, born and educated within only a few miles of the Cevennes, the once troubled region of which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote so delightfully in his "Travels with a Donkey." It was at Aigues-Vives, an old town not far from Nismes, in an old mansion long tenanted (and owned also, I believe) by his ancestors, that he grew up to manhood. The present Doumergues are of stout Protestant stock, and this most famous of the Doumergues is a practicing Protestant, true to the traditions of his family and unshaken by the unfaith of some and the Catholicism of others with whom he has been associated in politics.

His family name, by the by, is a southern corruption of Dominus, which suggests dictatorships.

But, after seeing him for even a moment as I did at the Elysée, I feel confident that he will make a modest and discreet, if not a brilliant or remarkable President.

Paris, France.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

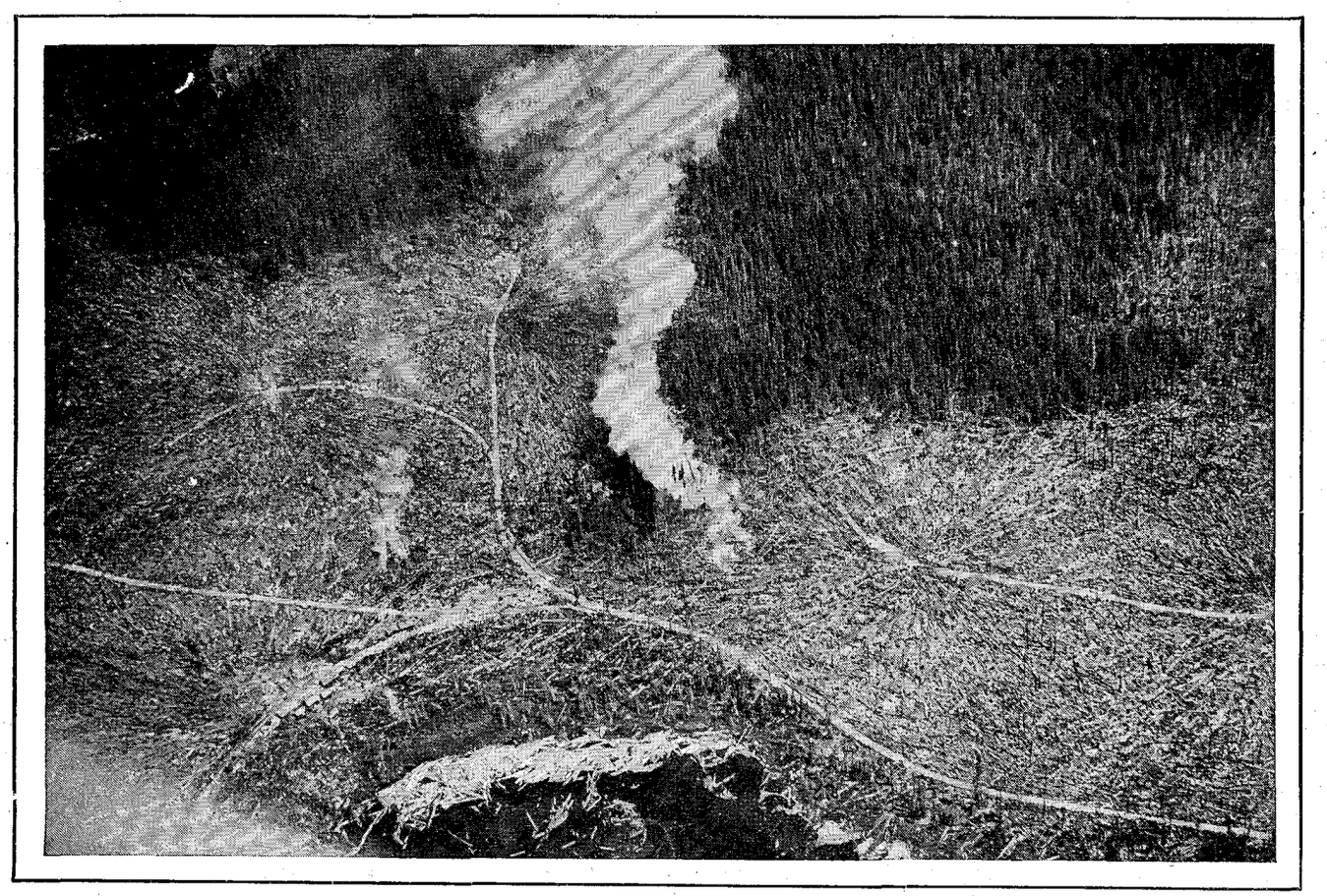
Fire-Flying in Canada

By LLOYD ROBERTS

A PREDICTION has come true. In January, 1921, an article in The Outlook by Laurence La Tourette Driggs foretold in story form the use of airplanes in fighting forest fires. What was then mainly a picture in the imagination is, as the following article attests, a reality. Here is the way to save our trees from their most destructive enemy.

AS I begin this article my ears are filled with the resonant roar of a wooden propeller tearing the air at the rate of 1,500 revolutions per minute, and, glancing up, I see a huge H.S.2L with a seventy-foot wing span sliding westward five thousand feet above the wide reaches of the Ottawa. It is a common sight—so common that farmers and villagers scarcely deign to notice it. There are motor cars on the land, motor boats in the water, and flying boats in the air—that is all. And yet before the war few Canadians had ever seen a heavier-than-air machine, and of course had not thought of it as a commercial asset. The Canadian Air Board was a war baby, born on June 6, 1919, as a natural result of the Dominion's brilliant services above the lines in Belgium, France, and Italy. The war proved the feasibility—yes, the inevitability—of the airplane as a vital factor in the pursuit of peace as well as of war, and the Armistice found the Government with a small army of youths trained in the ways of the air and $5,000,000 worth of aircraft and equipment. Under the circumstances, it was compelled, in spite of a billion-dollar war debt, to adopt this new responsibility.

In the first flush of victory there was considerable enthusiasm among pilots and joy-riding among the public, and it looked as though flying would become a popular sport. The interest soon died out, however, and aeronautics fell into three distinct phases: commercial, Civil Service, and defense, of which the first is by far the most important. The cost of transporting passengers, mail, and express packages on schedule and by regular air routes is still out of all proportion to the benefits derived, but for the purposes of timber cruising, prospecting, communicating with far-flung posts, fire-fighting, the flying boat is revolutionizing backwoods business. In British Columbia a firm is contracting for the transportation of men and supplies to mining camps situated in remote parts of the province; while last winter a Montreal firm fitted its machines with skis and made commercial flights between Cochrane, Ontario, and Moose Factory, on James Bay, and in summer undertook extensive operations in the same district, covering the distance in two and a half hours instead of the eleven days consumed by dog-team in winter and canoe in summer. Lumber companies are beginning to utilize hydroplanes as subsidiary to their main operations. Last year commercial fliers patrolled 19,678 square miles, surveyed 19,236, and photographed 791; spotted 76 fires that were either put out by the crews themselves or else reported to a base from which fire-fighters were despatched with the necessary equipment; and, most significant of all, flew a total of 185,211 miles without a single accident, thus bearing excellent testimony to the personnel and their efficiency. In addition to this the Air Board has co-operated with the other departments of the Dominion Government



A forest fire in British Columbia spotted by a fire-flying patrol just after it had started

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and lent a magic carpet to assist them in the carrying out of their difficult duties, whether in connection with hydrographic or topographic surveying, policing, paying the Treaty Indians, patrolling parks and forest reserves, combating rust and insect pests, and even in suppressing opium smuggling on the Pacific coast. But the greater part of the responsibility for forest protection devolves upon the provincial Governments, and a glance over their recent operations makes interesting reading.

British Columbia has a Government air station at Vancouver, with two F.3 twin-engine flying boats for long-distance patrols and three H.S.2L single-engine flying boats for shorter work. Last year, on account of an unprecedented period of drought, fire conditions proved extremely bad. From June 1 on the visibility was poor on account of the smoke, and fires started up at the rate of twelve a week, mounting to as high as fifty-seven in one week. All summer the machines were kept busy winnowing over the smoking valleys, carrying grimy fighters from one "front" to another, directing the attack. Members of the permanent fire organization were being continually taken over their districts while the fires were burning, thus obtaining for the first time a bird's-eye view of the enemy's lines. Their pilots' logs are terse and to the point:

"I leave water with Supervisor Smith as passenger. Supervisor examines fire. He decides to let it burn itself out. I patrol the whole of Jervis Inlet at a height of 4,000 feet. I fly over Horseshoe Lake to observe fire there. This fire is burning fiercely. The fire which has been burning west of Powell River is out. Circle to give supervisor view of Horseshoe Lake fire. We circle very closely to fire, and can see tank cars and locomotives, etc., in charge of fire-fighters. Thunder Bay fire is burning high up a mountain, mostly in second growth. Supervisor decides to let it burn itself out, as it is too expensive and difficult to fight. I land supervisor and leave him here. I proceed west. I observe small fire on the west side of Reef Point, in slashing. Green timber not in danger while wind is blowing from east. I observe fire on Thurlow Island, north of Knox Bay. I land and pick up district fire inspector. I leave water and fly to mouth of Salmon River. I fly about a mile up the river and observe small fire, apparently under control. I fly over Hardwick Island up to Topaz Harbor to observe fire at Hidden Lake to northward. Return to windward to Knox Bay fire and let inspector make examination. I land and inspector goes ashore."

And all this in five and a half hours!

Quoting at random from a district inspector's report:

"Seaplane picked me up at Pender Harbor at 11.15 A.M. We flew around to Pender Harbor, then up Jervis Inlet to the fire at Deserted Bay; returning we flew over to the Sliamon, Texada Island, fires, landing at Stillwater. Time taken for this flight was two hours forty minutes. A wonderful view of these different fires was obtained and their extent and condition instantly recognized. This trip by launch would have taken me two days, and to get the same idea of these fires would have taken over a week. I was able to observe three-quarters of my district from the air and gain actual knowledge which could not be had in any other way."

Perhaps the most important operation of the season was the conquering of the Buttles Lake fire in the center of Vancouver Island. This fire was reported to the flying station on July 28. To get a crew into the district by the ordinary means would have consumed two days and involved the construction of fourteen miles of trail over difficult country, and by that time the fire would have likely been beyond control. But the big machine and emergency fire-fighting equipment, consisting of a portable pump and set of tools, were wired for. On its arrival the load was increased by four more fire-fighters, 1,200 feet of hose, a sixteen-man tent, shovels, mattocks, axes, camp outfit, and provisions for six men for two weeks, making a total of 4,895 pounds. A short time after the receipt of the news the expedition was on its way, gliding across Vancouver Island. On account of poor visibility the pilot rose only a thousand feet, followed Campbell River to Campbell Lake, getting a good view of the Campbell River fire, kept above Elk River, and finally landed in Buttles Lake. The crew were sent ashore in collapsible boats, and by four o'clock that same afternoon the gang were in full action. The machine then returned to Campbell River and picked up reinforcements. It proved a stiff fight, the enemy creating a terrific smoke-screen and attempting to outflank the attackers. During the night, however, the latter managed to surround the fire with a fire trench and get the pump into action, and by morning the conflagration was practically under control. Two more days were given to exterminating the enemy, and then the machine went in and took the expedition out. Figured out on the time and labor involved, the debit side showed 10 hours' flying, 40 passengers, 836 miles, while on the credit side, estimated on the basis of money saved is money gained, were many thousands of dollars' worth of splendid timber. It is safe to say that British Columbia, with its vast timber resources, inaccessible fastnesses, and comparatively small population, will never again be without its aerial forest patrol.

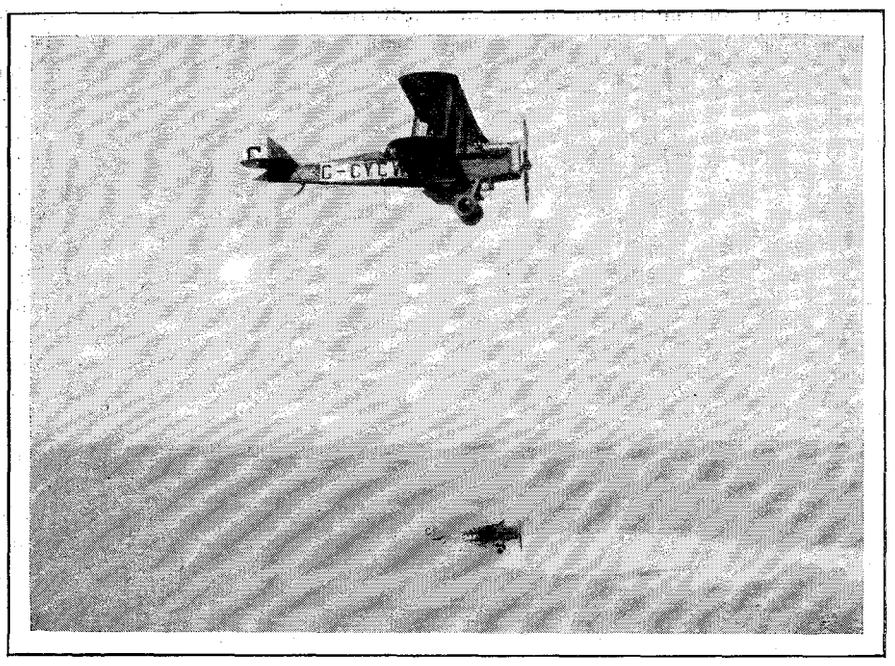
Alberta has a station at High River for the patrol of the Forest Reserves on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. As practically all the streams that water the prairie provinces have their source in these forests, their protection is vital to the conservation and regulation of the water supply. Wood and concrete hangars, workshops, and storehouses have been built and connected up with the extensive system of ground telephones installed by the Forestry Branch for communication with the different forest ranger stations. A regular system of daily patrols is carried out, and a fire spotted from the air is soon known to the ranger in that district. Mechanical efficiency is essential in this country where the terrain is rough and safe landing-grounds few and far between, but it is surprising to know that throughout three years' service not one forced landing has occurred.

Farther east, in that great area lying between Hudson and James Bays and the valley of the Mackenzie River, where communications are still of the most primitive type and the problem of conservation and protection of forests from fire is an almost insuperable one, the value of aerial transport is beyond computation. In 1921 a station was established at Victoria Beach, on Lake Winnipeg, and the following year sub-bases were made at Norway House, on the northern end of the lake, and at the Pas. Whereas previously fire patrol by canoe and motor launch was almost futile because of the restricted area under surveillance in such flat country, now a glance from a very moderate altitude would sight a fire within an area of two or three hundred square miles. Although the air force of Manitoba is very inadequate at present, it has been responsible for the quenching of innumerable incipient blazes and preserving large tracts of timber. The following excerpt from a wireless message from the district fire ranger at Norway House is typical:

"Five forest fires started to-day by lightning. By using plane for carrying crews to distant fires and canoes with 'Evinrude' for close-in fires, we will have fire-fighters at every fire to-night. We flew over every fire and were able to give instructions where the fires were and the best way to fight them two and a half hours after fires started."

By arrangement with the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals a wireless station has been installed in Winnipeg which permits of constant communication be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Airplanes patrolling the forests of British Columbia for fires

tween Forestry Headquarters and the district fire officers throughout the wide area under supervision. Next season the province expects to have all machines provided with wireless, so that in case of fire or trouble they can get in immediate touch with the base. Where so much of the wilderness is uninhabited and even unexplored this is a very necessary precaution to take for the safety of the crews.

Algonquin Park, Ontario, is another district where the flying boat has been tried out with marked success. The growing popularity of the park as a camping-ground is increasing the power of the fire fiend enormously, until it is more than the regular rangers can contend with. So last year the Air Board augmented the force with an aerial fire patrol that made 166 flights, averaging 165 miles per flight, and enabled the chief ranger to plan and carry out his campaigns with an effectiveness beyond anything hitherto imagined in his philosophy.

The forest fire has been one of Canada's most trying problems. Lumbering, valued at $500,000,000 per annum, is her second largest industry, and yet if the great red dragon continued its destruction at its present rate half the pulp and lumber mills would soon be forced to shut down. It is said that last year four thousand fires claimed 1,300,000 acres of timber. The old system of lookout stations and canoe patrols has proved ineffectual. Time is the chief factor in fire-fighting, and most fires get such headway before they are discovered as to be beyond human control. It is estimated that fully seventy-five per cent of the fires are either not observed or not reported and burn themselves out or are quenched by rain—after wreaking untold damage. And now comes the flying boat to the rescue. All summer long it soars on tireless wings above the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, patient, alert for the first white plume of the enemy that would blacken out the land. Surely here is the solution to Canada's fire problem.

Void

A Story by MABEL PLANCO

I

LITTLE Miss Neal came briskly into the kitchen. She was a very sprightly old lady indeed, and everything she did had an air of importance.

"Well, Mary, what do we need for dinner?"

The woman at the sink considered.

"Potatoes and onions—don't let him give you the old potatoes—and some nice strawberries." She wiped her hands on her apron and went to the ice-box. "I think that's all," she said, slowly. "You'd better take an umbrella—it's going to rain."

Little Miss Neal looked out of the kitchen window. "It doesn't look like it; what did the paper say?"

"The paper! I had rheumatism all morning. I don't need nobody to tell me by the stars."

"Well, I'll be going. Sarah," she called, "are you ready?"

Big Miss Neal sailed into sight, struggling with the back hooks of her shopping dress. "Emma, can you reach that top one?" she gasped. She was always gasping. The two ladies drew on their black-silk gloves while Mary straightened a plait here and there and bent down to wipe a bit of dust from little Miss Neal's sensible black walking boots.

When they were gone, she sat down heavily on the kitchen stool and drew a big bag of fresh peas towards her. As she shelled them she tasted a few. "I don't know what it is," she mused, "fresh vegetables don't taste to me like they used to at home. And strawberries the size of your fist—you never see them here."

A thin, silky tendril of the pod she was splitting cut her finger, and she raised it to her lips and sucked the spurt of blood. Fat, red fingers with deeply bitten nails. For a passing second she felt that she was doing exactly what she had done a long time ago. When? Oh, she remembered. It *was* a long time ago—at home when she was a girl—shelling peas in the big kitchen. Father kept a restaurant, and help was dear, so the five girls took turns in preparing the meals that never changed in content or in price. That was what people liked about Falstein's. You knew what you were getting and how many kronen it would cost you—none of this new fancy stuff—good, home cooking; better than home, in fact, or they might have stayed there. It was a good business, but there was no use spending money to get work done when you had five daughters. They had cost him enough when they were little—let them pay for their keep now. And they had all done it. Mary remembered quite distinctly how she had looked forward to the first time when she would be allowed to help at the "place"—that would mean she was grown up—and how quickly the novelty had worn off.

But then Malvina, next in age to Mary but one, had married, and Mary had been sent upstairs; not to wait at table—Falstein's daughters were "ladies," and if they occasionally forgot it he would not—but to "take cash." That was better—you saw people there. And, inevitably, she had seen just one person too many. A young lieutenant—differ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent from all the others—quite. Why—Mary stopped shelling. She didn't even remember what he looked like! And how many nights she had lain awake thinking of him! "Will he come in to-morrow? Will he stop to talk to me?" She was very young.

Then a tremendous thing had happened. There was a new customer—at least, he had been coming in but a week or two—and to Mary he was just one of the older men, except that father was especially polite to him. It gave the girl a slightly nauseous feeling to see her big, fine father hovering around this Mr. Balchek—greedy and faintly bestial. She turned away so that she might not see him eat, but the performance had a curious fascination for her, and she watched—unwillingly.

When mother, little mother, had told her she was to marry him, she had that sick feeling again, and then quickly lost it in the excitement of being the most important person in the house.

Just once before her marriage it came back. Balchek had taken her in his arms; and she was trying not to think of him, but of something else—anything else. She looked up and saw her father in the doorway, and afterwards she never quite knew whether she had really seen or only imagined that tears were running down his cheeks. It couldn't be—he was so big, so strong.

She'd better not be thinking this way; it always made her blue. But pictures kept coming into her mind—they were right before her eyes and she couldn't help looking at them. There was that day on the streets of Budapest when she had been married almost a year and was expecting soon, and the dull, accustomed ache had suddenly begun to stick her sharply, because the young lieutenant had bowed in passing. She had thought she'd forgotten him and had married Balchek with nothing more than a vague, unexamined feeling of regret; but she knew now why all the jewelry meant nothing to her. She blushed at her own shame—and she expecting Balchek's child!

Then there was the morning, almost five years later, when she had found Balchek dead on the floor of their room, with little Ritza, her youngest, peering at him gravely from her crib. There wasn't a cent—and he had killed himself and left her with three small children. That was what came from marrying a widower who was fifty years old. A young man would have started again—he and she and the babies together. She bit hard into a green pod. What was she to do? Her sister Malvina had written: "Come to Milwaukee, Mary, it's fine here; and leave the Kinder with mamma and papa till you can send for them." What else could she do?

So the three babies stayed with their grandparents and the frightened young widow came to America, and in New York the Misses Neal had found her. That was nineteen years ago. And now—who would believe she used to be a lady? A lady who kept three servants—that was like six nowadays—and such linen she had, and such table silver, always shiny and arranged just so! Mary was always one for having things just so. The linens stacked high in the closet—every dozen tied with big red bows, like little girls in white starched Sunday dresses waiting to be taken out. There hadn't been much money for things like that since she'd come over, but there were a few pieces carefully put away—for Ritza. Almost every penny had gone home, and she had gone gray over the baby pictures of the two boys and Ritza.

Then the war, and for four years she had heard nothing; the two boys were of military age. But it was not that which was hardest to stand. It was hearing her boys and their cousins and their friends, and all her people, called "the enemy." Why didn't they realize over here that they were just the same over there? "It isn't their fault—they can't help themselves—if they only knew how it was!" She would sit on a bench on Riverside Drive when the work was done and crochet, and listen to the war talk of the mothers and nursemaids. "Why were they so bitter, why was there so much hate? You'd think they were fighting devils from hell instead of boys just like themselves—her boys!"

"*Ach, mein Gott,*" she murmured, "what a time I've had! Is it any wonder I get cranky sometimes?" Two warm tears rolled down her cheeks, and she left them there—they felt good. You had to cry sometimes—it wasn't natural to keep it inside year in and year out.

But the war was over now, and the boys were all right. She put out her tongue to catch another tear that was trickling down. Maybe things would get better soon. Maybe she would see Ritza before she was too old to care. "I'm glad I didn't marry again. She wouldn't have liked a stepfather." It was a comfort, though, to think how easily she might have. There was that young German, Muller—he was crazy about her; and the man who kept the big bakery on the corner. "I could marry Fred Nathat to-day if I wanted to." She was still a comely woman, and she knew it. Trouble had not made her thin. She was big, deep-bosomed. "Men like a good cook, too. I may not be no young girl, but I can cook." Never mind, she had had enough of marriage. What had it brought her but sorrow?

The dumb-waiter bell rang—the strawberries had been forgotten. "You fool, you!" she shouted down the shaft; "you've got a head like a—like—I don't know what! Hurry up; bring those strawberries back." She slammed the door, feeling better.

II

LATER in the afternoon the door-bell rang sharply. That was little Miss Neal's ring. Mary walked quickly down the long hall and opened the door. The two ladies stood there, beaming. Mary looked from one to the other. "You look as if you found a pocketbook," she remarked.

"Oh, Mary!" gasped big Miss Neal.

"Sarah, wait—this is no place." Little Miss Neal led the way into the kitchen.

What was all this foolishness? Mary had other things to think about. "The boy forgot the strawberries," she began, then stopped with a queer feeling that the strawberries didn't matter, and something else—she didn't know what—did. Little Miss Neal opened her black leather bag and took out a letter covered with foreign stamps. Without a word, Mary grabbed and tore it open.

"From Ritza," she muttered; then suddenly made a queer, tight sound. "I don't believe it!" she sobbed; "I don't believe it!"

The two ladies looked at each other anxiously. Bad news? Poor soul—as if she didn't have enough trouble already!

"Ritza is coming to America. She's on the steamer now." Mary was shaking with happiness. "She'll be here in six days."

Big Miss Neal was gasping wildly. "Oh, Mary, Mary, I'm so glad!"

And the three women cried it out in each other's arms.

III

IT was six days later, but the steamer had been quarantined at Boston. Four more days to wait. Well, of course, she had to; but these days had seemed longer than all the nineteen years.

Mary pulled the stopper out of the washtub and the soapy water was sucked back. Her arms were wet above the elbow, and her face red and moist from the steam that filled the kitchen. The last day's washing she would do before—Everything in the world was to happen before—or after. She wrung out the last towel and put it in the wash-basket. Going to her room, she slipped on a dusting-cap and a torn black shawl that had been big Miss Neal's. Then she pulled the basket of wash to the door. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was heavy to-day, and she was later than usual; but it did not matter—nothing mattered.

Up on the roof, she saw it was quickly darkening and began to hang the clothes. It got dark early these days, and once it started, it was pitch black before you knew it. All day it had been warm and cloudy, threatening to rain. She was alone on the roof, and very close it seemed—heavy, sullen clouds, faintly red, were moving swiftly over the lighter texture of the sky; occasionally you got a glimpse of a pallid, distorted moon riding high.

She could see the moon now, but a big black cloud was coming towards it, with little lighter ones scuttling before like the fingers of a hand that was going to grab the moon. As it passed over, the cloud was glowing very faintly—like the reflection of a dim, silvery light on a black pool.

"That's what life's like," Mary whispered; "you've just got to stand still and see things coming—you can't help yourself, you can't get away; you've just got to wait till it passes. And most times"—But the cloud had passed and the moon was shining again, with a pale light. The soft, rushing wind flapped her house-dress noisily about her legs. Quite suddenly she began to cry. Somehow, the rhythm of it all, the loveliness of the night, and her own longing and pain had got mixed up. She felt for a moment as if she were no longer Mary—Mary who would see Ritza soon—but a part of the night, a part of the darkness on all those empty roofs. It was neither bliss nor misery—just a feeling so sharp that she could scarcely stand it.

"Mary, Mary!" She turned, and saw big and little Miss Neal hurrying towards her from the roof-door.

"Mary," gasped big Miss Neal, "we couldn't imagine where you were!"

"The elevator boy told us you were hanging the clothes," said little Miss Neal, "but, Mary, why are you"— Then she stopped, and they all went quietly downstairs.

IV

It was a happy day, with the air like tart apple cider, when Mary with big and little Miss Neal went to the wharf to meet Ritza. They got to the dock long before the hour, and Mary walked up and down with little shuffling steps and nervous, twitching hands. Now and then a tear fell. She had missed the boys, of course; but it was different with a girl—she had ached for her. It was a long time to have waited, but it was over now—you could forget. She would when she had Ritza. They would be so close—go everywhere together; she would speak Hungarian again, and talk for hours about the old people and all the brothers and sisters. There would be bus rides with Mary pointing out this and that, and Ritza marveling at how well she knew New York. Yes, it was over at last—the long waiting for happiness.

About eleven the big wharf began to get busy; porters hurried by sweating under big steamer trunks; last-minute orders were shouted and taken back; and a young mother ran about frantically looking for a baby boy, who was found with a cargo of monkeys that had just come in. The boat was covered with excited pasengers, and its long funnels were still belching smoke. People standing around talked of the celebrities about to land—no one knew of Ritza but the three women in black silk who were so agitated and impatient. Suddenly Mary grabbed little Miss Neal. "They're coming," she said, hoarsely.

"Yes, it won't be long now. The third-class gets off on this side." They pushed their way towards the proper gang-plank. Small boats were chugging around the big vessel; whistles were screaming on a dozen different notes, and a stout little man stood on the bridge and frantically shouted unheeded directions through an enormous megaphone.

The steerage passengers had begun to get off. Mary took tight hold of little Miss Neal's arm. Her face was purple with excitement. Would she know her right away? It was nineteen years, and she had been a baby then. Would she be like her last picture? The crowd had thinned, or rather had moved towards the street entrance, and only a few stragglers were still coming down. The grip on little Miss Neal's arm was growing frantic. And then all the people around them turned to look, for Mary gave a curious cry and, with the two sisters hurrying after her, ran heavily to a corner of the wharf where a frightened girl was standing, clinging desperately to two huge bundles. Big and little Miss Neal wiped their eyes and stood aside to watch.

The two in each other's arms were sobbing softly, and Mary was saying over and over: "Oh, my baby, my baby! I can't believe it. *Du bist so schön.*"

V

It was late that night when they all went to bed, and the storm of questions and tears and laughter that was almost tears had quieted down a bit.

Mary sat down on the bed and took the pins out of her hair. With her foot she pulled over a low red-plush stool. "Sit down, Liebchen," she said; and the girl obeyed shyly, not quite at ease now that the first commotion was over. Mary stroked the smooth brown hair.

"Well, how do you like it? The old ladies are nice, *nicht wahr?*"

"Oh, yes, they are very kind. The big one is so funny—she talks to me in English so quickly, I cannot understand. We had a good supper."

"Mmm—we have it even better sometimes. I was too much in a hurry to-day. I'll learn you American cooking—it's different from home; not so much gravies with the meat, and more green leaves—what they call salads."

"You have it good here? Can you have fires in the winter?"

Mary was glad of a chance to laugh, but she stopped quickly. It was a funny, shaking noise she was making. "We have no fires;" she pointed to the pipe in the corner of the room; "that's what makes it warm," she explained. Why couldn't she talk as she wanted to—of the old people and the boys, of what the two of them would do? Maybe she'd better wait till morning—too much excitement was no good.

Why, Ritza! She was ashamed of her own mother—trying to keep herself covered as she slipped on her nightgown. It was silly, but it made Mary want to cry.

"Mamma," the girl whispered, and the word seemed a living thing that jumped into Mary's heart and hammered on it.

"Mamma, I have something to tell you."

"Yes, baby," but she was not listening very closely. Down deep inside of her there was a feeling as if soft bubbles were breaking there. Could this woman be her little girl? "I must be getting old." She smiled to herself. What if she were? Ritza would love her all the more. She was not very like her last picture—it had been taken before the war; she was thinner, and her mouth was too stern for a girl's, but her eyes were young. She had been through too much—with the grandmother blind and the grandfather so old and helpless, and standing for hours on a bread line every day, and what with worrying about her brothers, poor baby! Never mind, she would forget; she was only twenty-two—little Ritza, *her* little Ritza. Then, as if from far away, she heard and roused herself.

"So he told me that he loved me, and next year he's coming to America, and we'll be married."

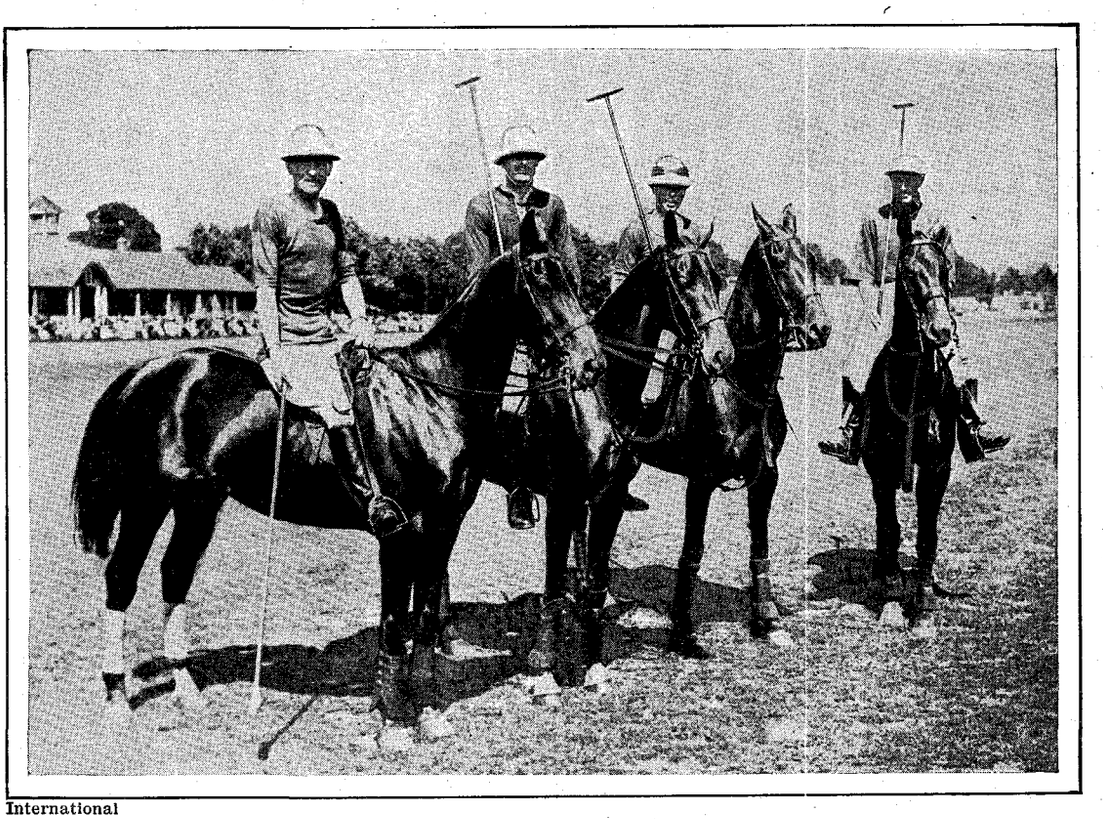
There was no answer and Ritza laid her head in her mother's lap. The hard hands stroked her head again, and Mary looked straight before her. There were no tears now, but her face was quite white and her mouth sagged a little. She muttered something that Ritza could not hear. "I'll be alone again. Alone this time—for good."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's an Ocean Between Friends?

(C) Underwood

Some of the fifty-eight Boy Scouts who will represent the United States first at the British Empire Exposition and then, during the second week of August, at the International Jamboree in Copenhagen, where they will engage in field meets and camping and woodcraft demonstrations



International

The British International Polo Team which will play here in September against the American Quartet for the international trophy. They are Lieutenant-Colonel T. P. Melvill, Major Phipps Hornby, Major F. B. Hurndall, and Mr. Lewis Lacey

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Book Table

Dr. McDougall's "Ethics"[1]

Reviewed by HENRY W. BUNN

THE author is Professor of Psychology at Harvard. The book is an assemblage of lectures delivered at Northwestern University and is "the ethical supplement" to "The Group Mind," a book by the same writer which has had some "resound" in the world.

He begins with the declaration that "our civilization has developed on a dual ethical basis, has been governed by ethical principles of two very different systems which have been in perpetual conflict." He furnishes a lucid and convincing exposition of those two systems of ethics—namely, the National System and the Universal System. The National System is best exemplified by Prussia; the Universal, by the world of Islam.

Dr. McDougall proceeds in an effort to prove that "the great need of our time is some rational and effective synthesis of the two systems." The argument here is masterly and, in my opinion, successful. The authentic nationalism is justified by proof of its ethical basis; and this too in a style worthy of so grand a thesis, yet comprehensible to the general. In connection with his defense of nationalism (properly tempered by the universal ethics finding expression in a true internationalism—not, mark you, cosmopolitanism), the author properly devotes much space to discussion of the great racial problems in their ethical aspects. This discussion should please Mr. Madison Grant. It is doubtful if any better discussion is to be found of these problems of transcendent importance. Our National legislators should be locked up for two weeks with this book, and then subjected to an examination. Failure to demonstrate mastery of the discussion of the racial problems should mean in each case a vacant seat. This reviewer volunteers his services as an examiner.

The author goes on to offer suggestions toward the most suitable form of synthesis. This section is valuable, but by no means as valuable as the antecedent section. Dr. McDougall is admirable as an ethical philosopher, critic, diagnostician, in the theoric part; but when he comes to the practical, the constructive, the prescribing part, he is not in his proper element.

This last becomes apparent, alas! whoopingly apparent, in the appendix. Surely there are devils, imps of mischief, who lie in wait for professors. Only on such a theory can one account for the appendix. Here the author offers "the one and only practicable plan for bringing about the disarmament of nations and the reign of international justice."

What, then, is this "one and only plan"? It is, by your leave, as follows: There must be an International Authority (either a League of Nations or a Permanent Court of International Justice will answer), in which the representation of each nation shall be proportional to the amount expended by it on public education. Let us not quarrel with that proposal, however artificial and impracticable. But listen. The International Authority must have power to enforce its rulings. Right, O! But how? By providing the Authority with a small but supremely efficient air force equipped with the latest enginery of hell, and *forbidding absolutely all other forms of aerial navigation.* "This drastic suppression of all other flying is both necessary and practicable." O *Momus!* O shades of Lucian, Rabelais, Swift, help! "Practicable," quotha! You might as well offer to divert the Gulf Stream or undertake to suppress an *émeute* at a congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Nevertheless the book is to be recommended to all. It is, the appendix excepted, an extremely edifying and interesting book—a rare enough combination.

[1] Ethics and Some Modern World Problems. By William McDougall. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The New Books

FICTION

ADVISORY BEN. By E. V. Lucas. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

That Mr. E. V. Lucas, of Old England, cheerful, gently humorous, never tragic, should suggest tombstones to the mind of any reader seems incongruous; yet there is one at least whom he reminds of the often-quoted epitaph upon an amiable New England woman, name unknown. "She was so pleasant," personally, in a village doubtless infested by the usual proportion of ill-tempered, caustic, cattish, brusque, or irritable individuals; "he is so pleasant"—fortunately, in the present tense in a literary world where nowadays so many are perverse, perturbing, ill-mannered, depressing, morbid, or unpleasant. He is not, perhaps, quite at his best in "Advisory Ben," his latest tale; but he provides a pleasant heroine, a pleasant hero, and several other pleasant people, with pleasant episodes all pleasantly presented, in such a friendly and amusing manner that surely few readers of fairly pleasant disposition will be ungrateful enough not to be pleased.

EDUCATION OF ANTHONY DARE (THE). By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Marshall's style is so excellent, his characters are so truly imagined and faithfully presented, his English settings so restful and often so charming, the entire atmosphere of his work is so free from strain, feverishness, overconscious modernity, and other prevalent faults of the novels of the day, that it seems ungracious to quarrel with him for giving the public an excess of a good thing. His earlier novels were leisurely, yet not too long. But, while Anthony Dare is a nice boy—a very nice boy—and his acquaintance is distinctly worth making, still we have met him once before; and now we have his education; and, once educated, shall we not naturally be kept informed concerning his career—his courtship, his marriage, his children, and who can say how many other episodes of his life? Perhaps they will have a volume apiece. Anthony, we repeat, is a fine young fellow and we like him; but his betters have often had their whole life-story compressed successfully into one medium-sized novel by a competent novelist, and we cannot help wishing that Mr. Marshall had gone and done likewise. As it is, we confess apologetically to a flippant fear that, like Lady Jane,

There will be too much of him
In the coming by and by.

GARDENS OF OMAR (THE). By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Henry Longan Stuart. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

The Frenchman writes of France for his realism, but takes his romance in the Orient. With this latest Cedars-of-Lebanon setting, M. Bordeaux has violated none of the conventions of the French Academy, of which he is a member.

"Their names," says the opening paragraph, "were Omar and Yamilé. In the Arabian tongue, Yamilé means 'beauty.'" She was a Maronite, white, and a Christian. Omar was a Mussulman. After

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

George W. Chadwick
Director

BOSTON, MASS.

Year Opens
September 18, 1924

Located in the Music Center of America
It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization, and splendid equipment, offer exceptional facilities for students. Dormitories for women students.

Complete Curriculum
Courses in every branch of Music, applied and theoretical.

Owing to the Practical Trainir.g
In our Normal Department, graduates are much in demand as teachers.

The Free Privileges
Of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student.

A Complete Orchestra
Offers advanced pupils in piano-forte, voice, organ and violin experience in rehearsal and public appearance with orchestral accompaniment.

Dramatic Department
Practical training in acting.

Address RALPH L. FLANDERS, General Manager

the delicately passionate manner of a sheik in the French idiom, he took Yamilé from the arms of her betrothed to his own gardens and harem. The betrothed was left with an inextinguishable love, a duty of vengeance, but a languorous philosophy. And, as the sun sinks upon the Cedars of Lebanon and his own life, he tells the story.

Introducing its few incidents into an atmosphere of considerable color, M. Bordeaux has attained many beautiful passages, particularly in the introductory descriptions. The translation preserves the matured style of the original. But the romance is gentle and meditative and the story is too much one of modulated imagination.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT. By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

A reprint of an early cape-and-sword romance by Mr. Sabatini, which will doubtless give pleasure to many of his admirers, inferior as it is to his later work. The period is that of Louis XIII. Richelieu, for a wonder, does not appear; the king does, but Bardelys, who tells his own story, dominates the book. According to the accepted formula, his lady-love is fair, his perils are many, he triumphs in the end. He is magnificent, but he is not art.

BIOGRAPHY

MY BOOK AND HEART. By Corra Harris. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

"I am on the defensive. I have never achieved that sublime deliverance from the mind of the world about me of which other saints boast." These words of Corra Harris about "My Book and Heart" sum up her character and attitude as there recorded. She lived richly and interestingly, pulling through the hardships of a circuit-rider's wife with noble fortitude, widening out gradually into authorship and fame, experiencing joys and sorrows common to all womankind. But she doesn't make a good book of this. She is too self-conscious and smug about the righteousness of her living—she tells again and again of her goodness and almost abject humility, she departs from the record of each incident to give her dear readers a moral lecture. And, worse than this, she drips with sanctity and reeks with an orthodoxy of itself not reprehensible in her own generation, but made intolerable by her sentimental emphasis upon it. That and her shallow conclusions about the thinking world of to-day do not make her book pleasant reading. One wishes she'd prove herself human at least once by going off and doing something thrillingly bad, and then writing about it in glowing and perhaps gorgeously penitent terms, to fit her character. But she doesn't. She remains the gallant yet meek, kind, and prejudiced lady to the end. She found this world a "vale of tears" unsalted by saving humor. Having experienced it honestly, sincerely, and courageously to the full, she shakes out the skirts of her accumulated greatness, pats them down becomingly over the knees, and remarks, fondly: "Life, my dears, is hard on a woman; but God will give us all the grace to endure it."

MY LIFE IN ART. By Constantin Stanislavsky. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $6.

A notable biography that will interest amateur as well as professional students of the drama. Stanislavsky is the celebrated director of the Moscow Art Theatre that has taken New York by storm. He traces the growth of this organization from its inception in 1897 through the Second Revolution of 1917. What Stanislavsky has done for the theater is the more remarkable when one considers that he could not give his whole time to the work, since until the beginning of the Soviet régime he was director and chairman of a manufacturing and trading company in Moscow, a family heritage. He appears to be one of those rare individuals who have business brains as well as a strongly developed art impulse. Like most good things, the Art Theatre was long in preparation and of slow growth; its founder acted in and directed amateur productions for over twenty years before he found a colleague, Nemirovich-Danchenko, a well-known actor, dramatist, and critic with whom he initiated the venture. A marvelous technique, gained through discipline, long training, and a conscious striving to eliminate the purely theatrical and infuse the spirit of reality, is the secret of the Russian players' success. Such significant personalities as Maeterlinck, Ghekhov, Gorky, Andreyev, Isadora Duncan, Gordon Craig, appear in these lengthy but by no means diffuse reminiscences. One gets the impression of a forceful and yet singularly modest personality. Stanislavsky has the humility of the artist toward art, the Ultima Thule of aspiring humanity.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE (THE). By Frank Rutter. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25 net.

Thoughtful essays by an English writer who finds poetry in the architecture of to-day as well as in that of the storied past, and who has an appreciative spirit as regards American architecture. The suggestive character of the book may be illustrated by two passages: "Every other fine art is individual; architecture is social; and therefore the great buildings of the past are the best possible index to the temper of the times in which they were constructed." "The only genuine new thing in architecture is the American 'sky-scraper,' which was brilliantly described a good many years ago as 'a steel bridge standing on end, with passenger cars running up and down it.' . . . Already there are certain metal constructions the beauty of which no one can seriously question. An admirable example is the Pont Alexandre III at Paris, for its slender trajectory has a quality of beauty not to be found in the heavier bridges of olden time."

DRAMA

PLAYS IN PROSE AND VERSE. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

The Abbey Theatre in Dublin saw the original productions of all of the plays in this revised volume by the Nobel prize winner, and two more besides, "The Countess Cathleen" and "The Land of Heart's Desire," are included in "Poems"). Most of them were written with the help of Lady Gregory, to whom Yeats makes graceful tribute in his preface, explaining that "The Unicorn from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Stars" is almost wholly her work, and "The Green Helmet" and "The Player Queen" alone wholly his. Probably nothing has popularized Irish mythology in the United States more than the publication of these plays, some of which, such as "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" and "The Pot of Broth," have filled the bills of little theaters and amateur companies throughout the country. In this new edition the author gives delightful notes about each play and appends music for the songs, so that any one wanting to produce them will find most of the necessary material already at hand in a volume well printed and pleasant to handle.

POETRY

LATER POEMS. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Any one who is accustomed to think of Yeats as an inaccessible mystic, whose poems have a fair fine sound but cannot be understood without long explanatory notes on Irish mythology, will do well to look into this first volume of the new edition of his work. Here may be found all the lyric poetry which he wrote between the ages of twenty-seven and fifty-six, shorn of comment and weeded out of the earlier books of plays and poems. Possibly we are to-day more familiar with Irish legend than we were when many of these poems appeared for the first time. They may once have been helped by the support of copious notes; but they are successful enough to stand without them, as must all lyric poetry that can hope to last beyond its own generation. Surely Yeats speaks of universal and lasting things, and creates his moods and his music plainly enough to be understood apart from and beyond any mass of legend from which they may have grown. The form of the new edition reveals the poet's universality, and, though but a small part of his achievement, shows that he won fairly last year's Nobel prize for literature.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

GRACE CHURCH AND OLD NEW YORK. By William Rhinelander Stewart. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $10.

Mr. Stewart's book will be full of interest not only to every Churchman in New York but to all residents who have an interest in the city's history. The automobile manufacturers and steel magnates from other parts of the country, who look upon New York merely as a place in which to spend money, may pass it by. There will be little in it for those who only know Grace Church by reason of its proximity to Wanamaker's.

Grace Church was established by Trinity Church in 1809 because there were then more applicants for pews in the existing churches than could be accommodated. So a new church was built on the corner of Broadway and Rector Street, almost next door to Trinity. Judging by its picture, it was singularly ugly, but it soon filled, somewhat at the expense of the Trinity congregation.

As business began to creep up Broadway the vestry saw that a move uptown was but a question of time, and in 1846 the present church was completed, the downtown property having been sold to great advantage, the annual income from the Trinity Endowment Fund being now over $40,000 and used for parochial work. The church property includes some twenty-three buildings: those clustered around the church, those connected with Grace Chapel in East Fourteenth Street, and those in New Canaan devoted to the parish fresh-air work.

From 1809 till 1922 there have been only seven rectors, four of whom have been made bishops. Mr. Stewart devotes a chapter to each, and has also chapters on "The Organs and Music," with a tribute to Mr. Helfenstein, for twenty-eight years organist and choirmaster; "Stained Glass Memorial Windows;" "Memorials in Stone;" and "Other Memorials and Gifts." It is a wonderful list. The congregation has included many generous and discriminating givers. The benefactions of Miss Catherine Wolfe, to name only one of many, are estimated at about one million dollars.

It has long been customary to sneer at the "fashionable" church and to look upon those who worship there as smug hypocrites. Let those fault-finders read for themselves of the magnificent work done by Grace Church and cease their shallow and ignorant criticisms.

Frank's "50th Anniversary" Cruise de Luxe
TO THE Mediterranean
Limited to 400 Guests (Less than Half Capacity)
By Magnificent (Built 1921) 20,000-Ton, Oil-Burning
Cunard S.S. "SCYTHIA" Sailing January 29, 1925
66 Days
This Cruise, celebrating our Golden Jubilee, we plan to feature above all other Cruises, even surpassing our previous successful Cruises by the same steamer.
EGYPT, PALESTINE
Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England
The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafés, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)
Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S.S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria" or any Cunard Line Steamer
Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request.
FRANK TOURIST CO.
542 Fifth Ave., New York
219 So. 15th St., Philadelphia
Est. 1875
582 Market St., San Francisco
Paris
Cairo
London

"The Book Lovers' Corner"

SCIENTIFIC ASTROLOGY APPLIED TO BUSINESS, social affairs. Horoscope writings. GEORGE SMALLWOOD, M.D., 687 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN BOOKS. Our stock is most complete. Send for catalogue, stating language desired. SCHOENHOF'S, 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Established 1856.

FOR SALE: HUGUENOT BIBLE IN FRENCH. TWO volumes. Published 1744. Very rare. Leather bound, fine woodcuts. Box 73, East Stroudsburg, Pa.

A SCIENTIFIC AND POPULAR DESCRIPTION OF all the trees and shrubs of Yellowstone Park, with especial reference to their economic use and their relation to wild life. Illustrated. Paper 60c., cloth $1, postpaid. P. H. HAWKINS, Absarokee, Mont.

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM, MASTERKEY TO ALL languages: Primers, $1.94 each language: Bohemian, Cantonese, Dutch, English, French, German, Italian, Panjabi, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, Pronunciation-Tables, 30c each language. Dictionaries, grammars, 4,000 languages: Afrosemitic, Amerindic, Eurindic, Indopacific, Siberic, Sinindic. LANGUAGES PUBLISHING COMPANY, 8 West 40th St. New York.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

BOOKS FOR WRITERS. CRITICISM AND ADVICE upon manuscripts. Aid in marketing. Book catalogue and explanatory circulars. Correspondence invited. *JAMES KNAPP REEVE, Dept. G., Franklin, Ohio. (*Former editor "The Editor.")

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

INCLUDING

HOTELS — TRAVEL

Real Estate, Summer and Winter Resorts, Tours and Travel, Sanitariums, Etc. — *60c a line; column width 1¾ in.; single column only*

All Want advertisements 10c per word

Tours and Travel

Registrations are now being received for:

TOURS to EGYPT

Palestine, Greece and Italy

with

Dr. POWERS & Dr. ALLEN

Sailing Jan. 5, 17 and Feb. 25, 1925

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL

15 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

AROUND THE WORLD

Luxurious trip—minimum cost—sails westward October 11, 1924. Write at once for Booklet 37, "The Soul of the East," a fascinating description of the things you will see on the journey. Membership limited.

TEMPLE TOURS

441-A Park Square Building, Boston

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information

Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5–6 in cities and popular resorts, $4–5 in the country

COLLVER-INTERNATIONAL

Round the World

Tours of 4½ to 9 months
Small Parties, Exceptional Routes, Perfect Environment
Illustrated Itinerary Booklet on request.
505 Fifth Ave., New York

WORTHWHILE TOURS

Fifteenth Season—1925
(A) EUROPE via the MEDITERRANEAN, $919.00
(B) TOUR of the WORLD, 174 days, $3,100 to $3,450
Outside rooms with bath.
Number limited, ⅛ of the space already taken.
Write NOW to
WORTHWHILE TOURS, Boston 30, Mass.

Six Months in Europe Small private party with experienced chaperon-guides. France, Italy, Sicily, Greece, Egypt, and London. Sailing in October. References required. Apply now to Miss GILMAN, 96 Chestnut St., Boston.

Hotels and Resorts

New York

The PAKATAKAN Country Club
ARKVILLE DELAWARE CO. NEW YORK

THE former PAKATAKAN INN, now operated as the PAKATAKAN COUNTRY CLUB. Under same ownership-management over 20 years. New 9-hole golf-course. Ideal motoring country, horseback riding, tennis, trout stream on Club's 150-acre grounds. Nominal dues. Homelike, congenial membership. Glorious country, 1,400 ft. elevation. Booklet on request. Guest cards to prospective members. Season May 15 to November 15. Furnished Cottages to rent by month or season. Club service.

Margaret Newton—Edmund Newton
ARKVILLE, Delaware County, NEW YORK

THE HOME-LIKE COUNTRY CLUB OF THE BEAUTIFUL WESTERN CATSKILLS

In the Adirondack Mountains on Upper Saranac Lake
THE
WAWBEEK CLUB & COTTAGES
For booklet and information address
MISS N. M. FELTON
Wawbeek Club, Upper Saranac, N.Y.

LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

DEAN HOUSE (and Cottages)

Delightfully situated on lake shore. Hotel golf links. Horseback riding and all summer sports. 52 miles from New York City.

COLONIAL and COTTAGES

Kitchawan on Croton Lake, N. Y. 65 mins. commuting from Mt. Kisco. Private golf links, tennis. High elevation, large porches overlooking Lakes. Booklet on request.

ADIRONDACKS—Sunrise Lodge, Mt. Arab, N. Y. A restful home for nature lovers. Water and mountain sports. Also shack to rent. Address E. D. BARNES.

Canada

CANADA'S WILDS — NORTHERN ONTARIO

TIMAGAMI Wabi-Kon Camp Lake Timagami Ontario, Canada

A real North Woods Bungalow Camp in the heart of four million acres virgin forest—150 2 lakes. Wonderful fishing. Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches. Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto. Excellent table. Write for booklets.
Address Miss B. ORR, Wabi-Kon Camp, Timagami, Ont.

New Hampshire

BEMIS CAMPS

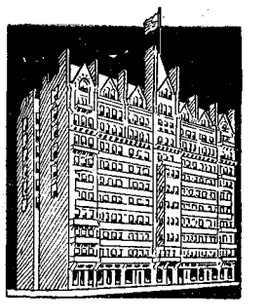
OVERLOOKING KIMBALL LAKE
Near the White Mountains

The place you've always wanted to know about, where you could rest and enjoy yourself. Boating bathing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the camp-fire. Private cabins. Address H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

Pennsylvania

ROSEMONT INN, Montrose, Susquehanna Co., Pa. Boarding. Large old-fashioned house and annex. Spacious grounds. Modern conveniences. Excellent table. Booklet.

New York City



HOTEL CHELSEA

23d Street at Seventh Avenue
New York City
12-Story Fireproof Building

Easily accessible to all Railroad Stations and Steamship Piers.

COMFORTABLE
HOMELIKE
REASONABLE RATES

Monthly or Yearly Quotations for permanent guests.
Interesting map O. L. of New York City sent free upon request.

Knott Hotel Chain
A. R. WALTY, Mgr.

Fieldston Road Country Club
New York City

Cool, beautiful rooms for men and for women; suites and cottages for families. 28 minutes from Grand Central. Superb grounds, tennis, etc.; golf near by. Exclusive but inexpensive. Phone Kingsbridge 3123 or write for circular. W. 252d St. & Fieldston Rd., Riverdale, N.Y.C.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City

Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

Maine

Belgrade Lake Camps

Belgrade Lakes, Me.

Individual cabins, modern conveniences, best of home cooking. Black bass, trout, salmon. boating, swimming, canoeing and tramping, *Other information and booklet on request.*
FRANCIS D. THWING.

Ogunquit, Me.—Board in Country near rocks and surf. Very quiet. Home cooking. Mrs. DANIEL W. PERKINS.

CHASE'S CAMPS

READFIELD, ME.

On beautiful wooded shore of TORSEY LAKE. Best black bass fishing in the State, fine beach, canoeing and tennis. Separate bungalows, central dining-room, fine food. $25 per week, up. Address Mrs. John A. Chase, Kent's Hill, Me.

Camp Winthrop, Winthrop, Maine. For business and professional women and young girls. *Boating, canoeing, tennis, camping parties.* 5-mile lake. Terms $15 a week.

New Jersey

IDYLEASE INN

Newfoundland New Jersey

Among the hills of Northern New Jersey. One thousand feet elevation. Bracing, dustless air. For the physically fatigued and convalescent patient. Devoid of institutional atmosphere and with the comfort and delightful informality of a large country home. Two resident physicians. Cuisine abundant and unexcelled. Southern chefs. No tuberculous or objectionable cases. Booklet on application.

Massachusetts

TWO BOSTON HOTELS

which offer you complete hospitality in that atmosphere of intelligent comfort which has made the homes of the Back Bay famous.

The LENOX
The BRUNSWICK

On either side of Copley Square

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

The Leslie

A quiet, cosy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 20th season.

Ohio

In Cleveland—it's The
HOLLENDEN *Hotel*
Most Convenient Location
Highest Class Service
Not Expensive

South Carolina

Pine Ridge Camp Actually Mid the Pines. Ideal place for outdoor life in winter. Main house and cabins with sleeping-porches. Modern improvements. Pure water. Electric lights. Excellent table. Rates moderate. Open all the year. Write Miss SANBORN, Aiken, S.C.

Vermont

COLD SPRING CAMPS

"Quimby's Own" over twenty years
Forest and Averill Lakes

SEPTEMBER FLY FISHING
for Salmon, Trout, Bass

Only Maine Camps in Vermont.

VACATION RESORT FOR ALL

Come to the Green Mountains for fishing, tramping, climbing, tennis, bathing, canoeing.

FIVE LAKES

miles of streams in border forest. Main camp, twelve cabins with modern bathrooms. Open fires. A table we are proud of. Good old guides. Famous mineral spring. 75 miles from White Mountains. Partridge shooting in October. Hay fever completely relieved, May 1 to November 1.

Special October Rates

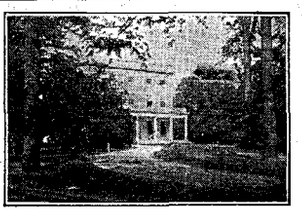
H. A. QUIMBY, Mgr., Averill, Vt.

CHESTER, VT.—"THE MAPLES"

Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. The MISSES SARGEANT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Health Resorts



Sanford Hall, est. 1841
Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

Sanford Hall, Flushing, New York

THE BEECHES, PARIS HILL, ME. Health resort for delicate, convalescent, or elderly ladies seeking rest and quiet recreation in the invigorating climate of Maine. Bountiful table, large, comfortable rooms, moderate rates. Address inquiries P. O. Box 252, Norway, Me.

VAN VALEN SANATORIUM
YONKERS, N. Y.
Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

Boarders Wanted

There is a vacancy for a paying guest at my new residence, where one may have careful supervision and medical attention together with the comforts of a private home nicely located in the beautiful town of Milford, Conn. For further information write **Clinton J. Hyde, M.D., 63 Gulf St., Milford, Conn.**

Comfortable Modern Home and entire care given to one semi-invalid, male or female. Nurse's Cottage, Roscoe, Box 402, N. Y. References.

Invalid Nursing

NURSE, registered, will take semi-invalid adult or child into her home; private, refined, well regulated home, large rooms and porches. Excellent care and accommodation. Moderate fee. Other nurses in family will do private duty in patients' homes. Flatbush, Brooklyn, Windsor 8493, or 2,577, Outlook.

Real Estate

Massachusetts

The late Professor Charles Eliot Norton's House at Ashfield, Mass., for Sale
House, shed, barn, icehouse, with seven acres of land—or more if desired for farming. House situated near village; electrified throughout, hot-air furnace. Six master's bedrooms, 3 servants' rooms, chauffeur's room; 3 bathrooms; library, 2 sitting-rooms and dining-room; pantry, kitchen, and laundry. Apply to A. G. Packard, Ashfield, Mass., for particulars.

CAPE COD **Ocean Front Bungalows** Week, month, season. S. O. BALL, Truro, Mass.

Real Estate

Maine

ADULTS' CAMP or REST HOME
Vicinity State capital. 80 acres; attractive farm buildings.
MAINE LAKES & COAST CO., Portland, Maine

New Hampshire

FOR SALE Unusually attractive property on New Hampshire mountain lake. Seventy acres, large house, stable, garage, running spring water, fruit, gardens. Fully furnished and equipped for boys' or girls' camp. $10,000 cash required. Photographs. 2,565, Outlook.

New Jersey

CENTRAL JERSEY For Sale, 106-Acre Farm, Best Land
Midway between N. Y. and Philadelphia, near Hightstown and Cranbury, convenient to Trenton and shore, about mile from Pa. R. R. 90 acres in high state of cultivation for potatoes, hay, grain, etc., balance desirable woodland. Plenty best water. 2-acre apple orchard, full bearing. Attractive 12-room dwelling, spacious verandas, all modern improvements, commodious outbuildings, garage, in good repair. Pictures to interested party. 2,567, Outlook.

New York

Hudson River Estate

Fine location for school or colony. To any one wanting a most desirable property this estate offers a unique opportunity, being located on the East bank of the Hudson River, one mile river frontage, the locality being picturesque, near the artist Church estate. The excellent quality of the soil, being all arable, its acquisition should prove a highly lucrative investment. 283 acres, two large modern residences. The present owner has spent a great amount making the main residence all that could be desired by the most fastidious. Also four cottages, store and post office on the estate, large modern poultry plant, massive barns, about 6,000 fruit trees. The location must be seen to be appreciated.

LLOYD M. HALLENBECK
Greendale-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
Brokers Protected

Up-State VILLAGE RESIDENCES, in beautiful all-American town of 2,000, near Lake Ontario, night journey from New York; natural gas, electricity, every convenience. E. M. HASTINGS, Pulaski, N. Y.

Virginia

Blue Ridge Mountains, Virginia. For rent, farm, orchard, shooting. Colonial mansion, furnished; furnace, gas, freestone water. 316 Ninth Ave., Southwest, Roanoke, Virginia.

A Mart of the Unusual

Muslin Tapestry Rugs to match your chintzes. Bags, runners. Designed and hand woven by THE DAVENPORTS, New Hope, Pa. Visit our looms or write.

Sweet Cider. Pasteurized, quart glass containers, direct from farm. Sealed sweet, keeps sweet. Circulars and prices on request. Lee o' the Mountain, Wilton, N. Y.

LITERARY ASSISTANCE

WE assist in preparing speeches, debates, essays, club papers, to requirements. Mention subjects. Authors Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED—To buy good will, equipment boys' camp. Probable capacity 40. To operate 1925. Address 5,227, Outlook.

WANTED — Partner, camp for girls and adults, 80 acres, 5-mile lake. Equipment for 25 people. Address Gertrude Grasse, Oradell, N. J.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE—Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite E 5842, Washington, D. C.

MANUFACTURER of HAND MADE children's dresses needs several reliable ladies to take orders. Splendid opportunity for ladies with good social connections. Box 156, Davenport, Ia.

WANTED, for secretarial and office work, including stenography, a young man of education and refinement and adapted to life in a boys' camp school. Write, giving particulars, to 5,258, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPETENT Protestant nurse, between 25 and 40, for girl sixteen months, and to assist with boy five years and girl seven years. Address permanent Adirondack home, Box 201, Lake Placid Club, N. Y., giving training, experience, references.

Teachers and Governesses

HEAD master of junior school wanted. Box 926, Stamford, Conn.

TEACHER-governess for girl and boy. Mrs. F. B. Riggs, Lakeville, Conn.

PRIVATE TEACHER, beginning October, tenth grade and under. Farm near Toledo. House, fuel, etc., provided. State size of family, experience, salary expected, references. Send photograph. 5,252, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

EXPERIENCED organist, highly recommended, at liberty early fall, desires position. Willing to train volunteer choir. 5,230, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse desires care of invalid child or adult. Permanent. Excellent references. Write 5,260, Outlook.

Business Situations

AMERICAN woman, Protestant, experienced in institutional management, normal college graduate and graduate nurse, wishes superintendency of institution for children or adults. Will consider managing housekeeper position. 5,264, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED and cultured woman would like position as chaperon and companion to young girl or elderly lady. Would travel. Best references. 5,231, Outlook.

TRAVEL to Europe—Woman teacher, linguist, highly recommended, seeks position as companion. Write 5,201, Outlook.

WANTED — Position as housekeeper by dependable woman with private school and tea-house experience. Would accept position with elderly people or in home of widower. Willing to assist with work or assume hostess duties. References exchanged. 5,248, Outlook.

GIRL, German, 35 years old, good character and general practical knowledge, wishes position as companion to lady or family going on trip to California or abroad. References. 5,221, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION — Congenial home with Christian family. Responsible, adaptable, willing; capable sewer; traveled. Available September. State particulars. 5,246, Outlook.

PRIVATE secretary or companion. Southerner, middle-aged, refined, legal training, news informed, experienced travel, would become resident or travel secretary. W. T. Davis, Union Trust Building, Petersburg, Va.

WOMAN desires position as nurse, companion, or managing housekeeper. 5,257, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, experienced, desires resident position in school. 5,256, Outlook.

CLERGYMAN'S daughter desires position as companion to elderly lady. Reference, Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall, Burlington, Vt. Address N. M., Box 14, Short Hills, N. J.

CULTURED young widow, old American stock, business experience, companion to tubercular convalescent. Would travel. Knows ropes. Immune. Box 754, Dumont, N. J.

Teachers and Governesses

ORDAINED minister, lover of children, desires position as worker with children, preferably boys, along spiritual and moral lines. Work acceptable in orphanage or home for incorrigibles. 5,239, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher, diplomée, experienced, available September, private school position. Write 5,200, Outlook.

POSITION sought with motherless children by experienced educator. Highest references. Write 5,202, Outlook.

TUTOR wishes position for September. 5,220, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate desires position as governess or companion traveling abroad. Academic subjects, French, Spanish, beginning Latin. References. 5,247, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teaching governess desires position October 1. 5,250, Outlook.

GOVERNESS. English, German, French. Excellent teacher younger children. Highest credentials. 5,261, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher desires several pupils in private family, or will do coaching. 5,265, Outlook.

EVENING high school teacher of English, gentleman over thirty, desires position during day or part of day. Available in September. 5,266, Outlook.

MUSICAL

ETUDE Music Magazine for teachers, students, and all music lovers; famous musicians contribute; 200 musical selections. Year's subscription $2; $1 below newsstand prices. Remit now to Wm. H. Best, 719 N. Oak Park Ave., Oak Park, Ill. Etude Clubbing List fowarded on request.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

SCHOLARSHIPS available nationally known boys' boarding school. Box 926, Stamford, Conn.

ONE dollar pays for seven chatty letters about multiplication tables. Good drill. 5,263, Outlook.

THE SHORT ROUTE TO RENTALS

WHETHER you have property to rent or are in search of a home, the classified section of The Outlook is the shortest route to results.

For years The Outlook has been reaping rich rewards for the wide-awake advertisers who use it consistently.

Quality tells. The high purchasing power and all-round prosperity of The Outlook's readers make this audience an ideal one for those who have to do with real estate.

The cost of an advertisement in the classified section of The Outlook is low—the results are surprisingly high. Send for our special real estate folder.

THE OUTLOOK'S CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
TRADE SPALDING MARK
EST. A.D. 1876
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Choose Tennis Equipment

carefully, looking always for those articles in which you know you can place absolute confidence. To go into a match handicapped by inferior equipment is to sacrifice an opportunity to play a better game.

We Suggest—

Spalding *Autograph* Rackets with the famous patented Laminated Throat and Permatite weather-proof stringing. . . $15

Spalding *Original* Two-Piece Plugless Ball. Ea. 50c

Tennis Shoes—Socks—Shirts—Sweaters—Duck or Flannel Trousers—Racket Covers—Presses.

Make Aces with Autographs

Catalog on request

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

New York Chicago San Francisco
and all principal cities

By the Way

CRITICISING the bad taste shown in gilding certain church-towers in New England, the author of "The Colonial House," Joseph E. Chandler, says that the fashion seems to have started with the gilding of the dome of the Massachusetts State House—which we note has just been regilded at a reported cost of over $8,000. "It seems only to have been necessary," he says in explaining the genesis of this mistaken attempt at ornamentation, "for a scion of the reigning house of Hanover—which house has, at least recently, produced a preponderance of members of notoriously bad taste in art matters—to send its heir-apparent to the throne on a visit to our shores in the sixties, and for this to-be-king casually to remark that the dome of the Massachusetts State House would look well gilded, to make our kowtowing political 'powers-that-be' bring his suggestion—probably born of some remembrance of exuberant Eastern architecture—to fruition. The result is a gilded dome on our best public Colonial building, which never was intended to receive such barbaric treatment."

The total number of passengers carried on the railways of the country last year, according to the President of the American Association of Railroad Superintendents, Mr. W. S. Williams, was nearly one billion. Of that vast number only nine were killed in train collisions. But 1,759 lost their lives in collisions between trains and automobiles at grade crossings. "The train cannot go to the automobile," says Mr. Williams, "but the automobile must come to the train, to produce a collision, and the responsibility clearly does not rest upon the train."

From "Shavings:"

Some little urchins were playing in a back street one day, when an old lady came along and stopped to watch them for a few minutes.

Presently she went up to one of them and said: "My little man, why doesn't your mother patch your trousers with the same colored material as that of which they are made?"

"Garn, missus," was the reply, "that ain't a patch, it's me."

Anglers who write to the London "Fishing Gazette" frequently tell interesting yarns. In a recent issue we find this: "While motoring along the Loch Ard road we met a flock of sheep by the edge of the Loch. One unfortunate sheep, in passing us, fell into deep water. Buoyed up by its thick fleece, it began to swim away from the road. One of the party got out his rod and threw a well-judged line right over the sheep's back, and the large hook became entangled in the heavy wool. The sheep was then guided safely back to shore, where, lying on our stomachs, we heaved it onto the road. After we disentangled the hook it ran off to join its fellows, apparently none the worse for its adventure."

Almost every pursuit has had distinguished men among its followers. An aggrieved druggist, in protesting against a cartoon that advised young men not to hang around the corner drug store, sent to the New York "Herald" a list of famous men who have had affiliations with apothecary shops. He says:

> I beg to say that such men as Aristotle, the philosopher; Isaac Newton, the astronomer; Dante and Keats, the great poets; Goldsmith, the dramatist; Meissonier, the painter, and O. Henry, the greatest of modern short-story writers, all of them breathed the romantic atmosphere of the apothecary shop. The great Lincoln when a struggling lawyer took time to while away a few hours in the neighborhood drug store. Mr. George Luks, the celebrated American painter, who was reared in a drug store, said: "The druggist is the salt of the earth."

The late Sir Mortimer Durand, British Minister to Persia, once told the members of the Omar Khayyám Club of London that, on their request, he had interceded with the Shah of Persia as to the upkeep of Omar's tomb at Naishapur. That monarch, he said, had burst out laughing at the request, and declared that Persia had hundreds of poets as good as the author of the "Rubaiyát," and genially implied that he had written better poetry himself.

From "Life:"

Lady (to clerk in bookstore)—"I want a small edition of The Psalms."

Clerk—"Who is the author?"

Lady—"David."

Clerk—"David who?"

A railway president is quoted in the "Railway Age" as saying:

> There is no man within our organization who is too big to say "If you please," "Good morning," "Thank you," or "Good evening" to passengers on the train and to visitors in the offices. It gives a human touch—the atmosphere of personal relations which the road is trying to maintain and increase.

Amen! Other big (and little) businesses please copy!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED